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CURRENT ANECDOTES

AND METHODS OF CHURCH WORK.

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ILLUSTRATIONS FROM LIFE.

See page 469 **Selected by the Editor.**

JACOB'S PILLOW. (504)

2 Tim. 4: 18. 1 Cor. 9: 25. Isa. 28: 5. Jno. 19: 5.

It is said that the coronation chair was made as a cover for the Stone of Scone, alias Jacob's Pillow, whereon he dreamed of angels ascending and descending to Heaven, and which was "set up" as a memorial, carried down to Egypt, whence, in Exodus with the children of Israel after the destruction of the Egyptian host, its journeyings ceased not.

The north of Africa, Spain, Ireland, Ionia, Scotland, all were but stations on the way to Westminster, where, for 700 years, it has tarried.

Its route coincides with that of one of the great Celtic migrations, as traced by the philologist and historian, and it, too, gathers as it rolls, for Jacob's Pillow has given place to Lia Fail, or Stone of Destiny, gaining, ever gaining, in hoary tradition, in popular esteem, in prophetic repute.

Its prophecy, cut into its surface, in not too classic Latin, has become veritably true, as have nearly all early and mediæval prophecies, and the stone can fully claim that it has been the rolling stone to gather moss. If the same power would come into King Edward's life as came into Jacob's life the night the stone was his pillow, what a consummation!

CORONATION CUSTOMS. (505)

Luke 10: 24. Rev. 1: 5.

The oath of obedience and observance of inherited custom and tradition is predecessor of the coronation oath, and the friends and followers of the chief or king coincide with the peers of the realm. The white rod has given place to the sceptre, and the sword of state was presented to every Scottish king—that one now placed with the regalia having been the gift of Pope Julius II to James IV. Not until November 24, 1331, do we find the use of a crown when David II, son of the mighty Bruce, first wore it, and also first received the unction. The spurs belong to the period of chivalry, and the crusades, and do not appear in Scottish annals. The recital of pedigree as an incentive for imitation on the part of the Tanist was, as before said, peculiarly Scotch. As late as 1249, on the coronation of Alexander III, we read thereof, and Charles II heard it in 1651. Alas! sad omen, Charles I dispensed with it in 1633. The Christian church has a coronation—the hymn. Let us sing it as if we were before the King of Kings.

THE AMERICAN KING. (506)

Luke 6: 24. Deut. 32: 15.

Representative Stephens of Texas introduced a resolution that is directly aimed at the tender of a monument of Frederick the Great to the United States. It sets forth that the United States should not accept from any foreign nation or erect in any place any statue of any king, emperor, prince or potentate who has ruled or is now ruling any nation by the supposed divine right of kings. The resolution further sets forth that the acceptance of such a statue by this government would be a repudiation of its basic principles as enunciated in the bill of rights and constitution, an insult to the memories of our revolutionary fathers—an admission that one man may govern a nation without the consent of the governed—and after his death have his statue erected in our republic and the blessings of the divine right of kings to rule thereby approved. But there is a king already in power in America. It is the Almighty Dollar, and his rule is crushing thousands.

THE WORLD'S NEED—RAILROADS? (507)

Edward Everett Hale says that the duties of the Twentieth century are: First—The construction of a four track railroad from Labrador to Patagonia. This was necessary to

keep the human family from being "squeezed together" too much. The next great duty of the century, Dr. Hale said, was the construction of a similar railroad line across Europe and Asia from the Atlantic ocean to the Pacific ocean, with a branch road to Odessa. This was necessary to open up Siberia to the much "squeezed" populations of eastern countries, 700,000 of whom would be seeking settlement in this country the coming year. It would also serve to divert 100,000 Russian Jews who wished to settle in this country, from their purpose and locate them in the land of their ancestors. The third duty of this century, the speaker said, was to construct another railroad, in pursuance of Cecil Rhodes' idea, from the Mediterranean sea to the Cape of Good Hope. The fourth duty was the faithful treatment of the race question, as presented by the negro, the Indian and the Chinese.

The last duty was the advocacy of the doctrine of universal peace. With all due respect to the grand old man, a railroad to heaven, with low fares, would prove more attractive.

APPEAL TO THE PRINCE (508)

Ps. 50: 15. Jer. 29: 12. Matt. 10: 19.

It seems that white men of Wabigoon Lake Indian reservation, Canada, regardless of treaty stipulations, poached upon the preserves of the Indians. The red men resented this, but were at a loss what to do about the matter, as the white men paid no heed to their objections.

After much debate among themselves, they concluded to carry their case to the highest authority. The chief went to Barclay station, therefore, and sent the following cable message:

"To Prince of Wales, London, England:

"White men cutting timber on Eagle Lake. Want you come and make stop? This was given to us.—Kah Kiweash, Chief Wabigoon Lake."

We may smile at the Indian's simplicity, but his confidence and his wrongs certainly deserve consideration. When we get into trouble we do not go to the Prince. We fight it out, and with cruel weapons.

"SOUNDS WELL—BUT!" (509)

Eccl. 12: 1. Job 16: 22. Heb. 11:6.

On one occasion the gathering at the hermitage included Col. Robert G. Ingersoll and a distinguished professor of English literature at one of our institutions of higher learning. Ingersoll's magnificent flow of conversation was stimulated by the convivial offerings supplied by Whitman's table, and after a brilliant analysis of the philosophy of Shakespeare, he began a long monologue upon the subject of the soul's immortality. With his usual keen sarcasm, he ridiculed the commonly accepted ideas of Christianity, and in a manner surpassing even his magnetic lecture style, because the eloquence was unconscious, he set forth his own well-known doctrines.

Walt Whitman, as described by the professor of literature, sat silent in his chair throughout the entrancing recital. He was at this time far along in years, and his long, uncombed white hair and beard, with the loose and picturesque clothing which he affected, gave him a strikingly venerable appearance. When the distinguished agnostic had concluded, Whitman raised his head and slowly answered:

"Yes, Bob, that all sounds very well, but when a man gets so near the end as I am he begins to have a different idea about those things."

It was Ingersoll's turn to be thoughtful.

LEGEND OF VOLCANO. (510)

Matt. 24: 19. 1 Cor. 3: 13. Heb. 12: 18. 2 Pet. 3: 7.

The Mohawk Indians, who at one time were the inhabitants of the spot on which Montreal now stands, have an interesting legend which is now forgotten.

Long, long ago there was a great lake where the island of Montreal now stands, and the Mohawks dwelt upon its borders, and were happy. Then bad people came and drove the Indians into the water, killing many of them; and the Great Spirit, when he saw the Mohawks so badly treated, raised up a country for them out of the lake and stocked it with game and fruits and maize, and gave it to the Mohawks; but there was no mountain. Then the bad people came over to the island and took possession of it, and drove the Mohawks away to the Isle of Jesus, which they made their hunting ground. Then when they stood on the shore one evening they saw a great fire leap up on the island, and there were dreadful peals of thunder and terrible flashes of lightning, and all the bad people were killed, and after a while, when the smoke had cleared away, the Mohawks saw the mountain, and they went back and took possession of the island, where they lived happily until attacked by the Algonquins and Wyandots. Then the whites came and drove all the Indians away. There is also a prophecy that one day the Mohawks shall see the fire break out in the mountain again, and the whole island of Montreal will sink, and the great lake again spread over the spot where the island now stands. The faith of the Indian in ultimate justice is refreshing in these times.

PALACES OF DEATH. (511)

2 Cor. 5: 1. Heb. 3: 6.

There is a story of an Italian nobleman who built his enemy into the wall of his castle. He set him there alive and piled the great stones about him, leaving him there to perish in the heart of the great building. There are thousands of men who do that with their own souls. They make a splendid name for themselves among men. They are called rich or they win fame. But their magnificent palace, on which envious eyes gaze, is the mausoleum for their soul. They build their own life into the heart of their fortune or their fame. A rich man was showing an old friend through a newly built mansion. The latter said you haven't windows enough. The man looked puzzled. "You have no window through which you can look towards heaven."

"ALSO IN CHRIST." (512)

John 14:1. 1 Pet. 1:11. John 5:39.

J. M. Buckley says that Dr. Patton, of Princeton University, always has something in his baccalaureate sermon that only he would be likely to state. Sometimes it is something of which only he would be likely to think. At other times a statement of that of which others might think, but none would say as he says it. In closing his sermon last Sunday to the senior class at Princeton, he said: "We are living in an age of intellectual transition, burning with unrest, and therefore I have respect for the man who doubts, who overcomes his doubts, and who gathers strength. With your equipment you will not ask a preacher to demonstrate Christianity as a proposition in Euclid; you will not be troubled at all because the pool of Bethesda is not in the original, or because we have no autograph copy of the New Testament. With your knowledge of philosophy you will not say that Christianity is simply ethical, but you will say, 'We believe in God,' but be ready also to heed Christ's message, 'Ye believe in God, believe also in Me.' The sum of all that I can say to you, gentlemen, is, Believe in God, believe also in Christ."

LOCUSTS AND DEEDS. (513)

Heb. 6:9-10. Eccl. 11:1. Heb. 10:24. Luke 3:19.

On a train in Maryland recently a gentleman called my attention to the dead tips of branches on the trees, saying that it was the mark of the 17-year locusts. He said that the sound made by a swarm of them sounded like Pha-a-a-ra-oh. The correct name is cicada. The eyes and larger veins are red. The female possesses a remarkable egg laying organ (ovi-posterior) at the end and under side of the abdomen, with which she pierces the small twigs of trees and deposits ten to twenty eggs in pairs. The eggs remain for a period of about seven weeks, when the young insects (larvæ) fall to the ground, which they penetrate. It lives under ground at a depth of six inches to two feet. They do almost no injury to vegetation while in the ground. After having remained in the ground for seventeen years, and moulting a number of times, they finally change to pupæ, and often in immense numbers, at about the same time, work their way to the surface and climb up on the trees, and then the perfect insect breaks from the pupa case, leaving it translucent, split along the back, and fastened to the tree.

They do little or no harm. They may be likened to our good and bad deeds. They may fall unnoticed to the ground, but years after the good deeds come to the surface to bless us, and the bad ones to annoy and discourage us. And when the good ones come up we wonder why we didn't give out more of that kind.

JAPANESE FABLE OF RICHES. (514)

Deut. 8:18. 1 Tim. 6:9. Jas. 1:11.

Count Matsukata, former Prime Minister of Japan, who is known in this country as "the father of the gold standard," was asked during his recent visit to New York whether "Captains of Industry" in the Mikado's Empire were getting control of the country's trade and resources.

"Not to the same extent as in—more advanced lands," answered Count Matsukata with a smile. "Perhaps we are influenced by the old 'Myth of the Gold Man,' handed down from the ancient days of Sin Mu."

The count was requested to tell the legend, and he said:

"In the dim historic dawn a merchant eager for great wealth heard of a strange grove of wild lemon trees whose fabulous fruit, when eaten, would convert the hand that plucked it into gold.

"So the merchant journeyed to the grove, where the God of Riches, with a great sack on his shoulders, bade him help himself. He did so and his arm was converted into gleaming gold. This he had amputated, and though bereft of an arm, became a man of wealth.

"A banker, hearing of the strange case, determined to secure the total product of the miraculous lemon trees. To that end he bought out the right of the guardian deity, but that shrewd being exacted so great a price that the covetous banker found his fortune depleted. To secure ready money he determined to eat of the fruit and sacrifice an arm.

"Raw lemon, however, was too astringent for his pampered palate, and so he sweetened the juice of several lemons and, adding thereto wine of rare vintage, drank greedily of the potent and tempting beverage.

"In a few minutes he had turned into a pillar of gold.

"Then his heirs melted him down, coined him into convenient cobangs, and, turning their backs bravely on the grove of golden lemons, proceeded with free hands to spend and enjoy their bountiful inheritance."—Saturday evening Post.

POSTAGE STAMP AND PRAYER. (515)

Job. 22:27. Heb. 10:19. Ps. 91:15.

The completion of negotiations which will secure to the United States the Danish West Indies, says the Washington Star, will exemplify our rapid strides as a world-power, and put us in the class of nations that have had a monopoly of the drum-beat of army-heard-around-the-world and the sun-never-sets-on-our-flag sentiment. For then it will be possible for a 2-cent stamp under certain conditions to carry a letter around the world. Supposing that the letter should start from St. Thomas. From St. Thomas to New York it is 1,428 miles; to San Francisco, 3,315 miles; from San Francisco to Unalaska, 2,035 miles; from Unalaska to Nome, about 1,000 miles, and thence to Point Barrow, overland, 420 miles, or a total of 8,288 miles from our most eastern Atlantic postoffice to our northernmost postoffice amid arctic ice. Returning southward, overland part of the way, it is approximately 1,500 miles from Point Barrow to Unalaska: thence, it is 2,016 miles to Honolulu; from this isle in the sea it is 3,337

miles to Guam, and from that island 1,506 miles to Manila, or a total of 8,459 miles from our arctic postoffice at Point Barrow to our Southern Pacific postoffice of importance.

And now for the homeward leap. It is 7,941 miles from Manila to San Francisco, via Guam and Honolulu, and 4743 miles from the Golden Gate city to St. Thomas, and the complete circuit, as here outlined, approximates 29,431 miles, which a letter might travel under certain conditions.

You may say a prayer may be sent to heaven with a prayer or thought, but the possibility cost—how much? Much more than the possibility of sending a letter around the world for 2 cents under the American flag cost.

ANCIENT HIGHER CRITICS. (516)

Josh. 24: 27. Matt. 10: 33. Luke 20: 27.

There is not a single objection raised against the integrity of the Old Testament record by the critics in these days that cannot be found in Paine's Age of Reason and Vol. VI, Didot edition of Voltaire's works. Many of these criticisms, if not all, were made by Aben Ezra in 1168, by Carlstadt in 1541, by Andreas Maes in 1573, by Hobbs in 1657, by Spinoza in 1670, by Jean Astruc in 1753, and by Eichhom in 1779. These infidel objections to the Bible are being urged in many of the educational institutions and pulpits of the church, under the claim of higher criticism and modern scholarship.—Word and Work.

But we need not trouble ourselves over the critics, if they prefer the Bible with one third of the leaves torn out, let them tear. I prefer mine whole. Are these men fruitful or are they so busy tearing down that they have no time for active Christian service?

DO ALL TO THE GLORY OF GOD. (517)

Rom. 12: 11. 1 Thes. 4: 11. Eph. 5: 16.

William Lloyd Garrison, the great reformer, who brought about the liberation of the slaves in America, made a little speech to a Bible class of which I had charge in Boston. He said that when he was converted he noticed that his handwriting was so miserably poor that it was an insult to his friends to send them such a scrawl. He said, "I made up my mind that it was my duty as a Christian to write better. The very day I gave my soul to the keeping of God I began to write my letters more carefully and to make each one more complete." William Lloyd Garrison's handwriting when he died as an old man, was the cleanest, clearest, handwriting in the entire United States. He illuminated that side of his life.

Wendell Phillip's wife gave her life to the Lord and said, "I will give myself, but I am a cripple! What can I do? I will encourage my husband, and help him in his great work of making men free."—Russell Conwell.

HEATHEN FAITH. (518)

Heb. 1: 2. Heb. 12: 25-26.

When a Karen convert visited America, he was urged on a certain occasion to address a congregation in respect to sending out and supporting more missionaries. After a moment of downcast thoughtfulness, he asked with evident emotion:

"Has not Jesus told them to do it?"

"Oh, yes," was the reply; "but we wish you to remind them of their duty."

"Oh, no," said the Karen, "if they will not obey Jesus Christ, they will not obey me."

A POOR JUDGE. (519)

Matt. 7: 1-2. Rom. 10: 14.

The American religious papers are denouncing Mr. Andrew Carnegie for an address delivered to the New York Library Club, in which he said: "Let a man just look in books, and as far as I am concerned, I would not give what he gets from them for nine hundred and ninety sermons out of a thousand you hear in churches." A comment is, "We should be pleased to have an account from any reputable subscriber of any sermons in any church—unless on a funeral occasion—that Andrew Carnegie has heard. So far as we have been able to ascertain, there is scarcely a man in America who has heard fewer sermons."

MONUMENT TO WOMEN. (520)

Ps. 68: 11 (Rev. only.) Matt. 27: 55 Luke 24: 22.

It is proposed to memorialize woman's part in the sacrifice and heroism of the nation's wars by a $2,000,000 arch in Washington, the money to be raised by popular subscription.

The design is in the form of a vast triumphal arch, surmounted by bronze figures emblematic of woman glorified greeting War, Peace, Literature, Art, Science and Industry. There are numerous figures in bronze on the different faces of the arch, all symbolic of the general subject. The great arch is to be closed on either side with a bronze panel, whence emerges a winding procession of noble and graceful forms. Here is portrayed the spirit of the people descending to lay offerings on woman's altar, while the opposite design shows the heavenly host issuing forth to welcome the souls of the dying soldiers. Within the arch is a gorgeous hall of memorials and records of American woman's achievements and honors in all ages. On a pedestal, structurally separated from the main design, yet organically united with it, death scatters poppies over the fallen hero, while woman ministers to him. At the answering point on the other side of the ascent Columbia joins hands of reconciled enemies.

WONDERFUL WHISKEY. (521)

Prov. 23: 32.

You will notice advertisements everywhere: "Wilson's Whisky—that's all." Is it all. Ask any one who drinks. It's poverty, sorrow, crime, it's bloodshed, anguish and shame; poison to virtue. Following is another whisky advertisement. The inscription on the label follows:

"Ten years old. Is the most wonderful whisky that ever drove the skeleton from the

feast or painted landscapes in the brain of man. It is the mingled souls of rye and malt. In it you will find the sunshine and the shadow that chased each other over the billowy fields, the carol of the lark; the dew of the night; the wealth of the summer and autumn's rich content, all golden with imprisoned light. Drink it and you will hear the voice of men and maidens singing the praises of Diamond Club Pure Rye mingled with the laughter of children. Drink it and you will feel within your blood the star-light dawns; the dreamy, tawny dusks of May's perfect days. For many years this liquid joy has been within the happy staves of oak, longing to touch the lips of man."

They have violated the first principle of good advertising. They have not told the truth.

TEMPERATE ELEPHANT. (522)

Eccl. 3: 17-18.

"Tops," a female elephant of the Forpaugh & Sells circus, killed a man at the show grounds of the circus in Brooklyn recently. The victim was Joseph Blunt of Ft. Wayne, Ind. He went to the elephant's inclosure where the animals were waiting for their breakfast and each stuck out his trunk to "shake hands" as Blunt passed down in front of them, it being the custom of the trainers to salute each elephant with a gentle tap. Blunt had a beer glass in his hand, and when he approached "Tops" he shoved it at her instead of giving the usual greeting. This act seemed to offend the great beast. In an instant she seized the man with her trunk, and after hurling him violently to the ground, knelt on him and crushed him to death. Keepers came to the rescue too late. They drove "Tops" back and removed the body. It may have been the smell of the beer, and it may have been the memory of the abuse of drunken keepers that abused her which aroused the animal's indignation.

ARE YOU INSURED? (523)

Reasons for insuring in the King's Insurance Company: 1. It is the greatest, oldest and only absolutely reliable fire, marine and life insurance company in the world, having been in successful operation thousands of years. 2. The only company insuring against loss in the great Judgment Day fire. 3. The only company insuring against shipwreck in the River of Death. 4. Its policies never expire, giving to the faithful holder thereof Eternal Life. 5. It has never changed management. 6. It insures a man for more than he is worth. Cash Capital: "The unsearchable riches of Christ."—Bible. Assets: Real Estate—"An inheritance incorruptible, undefiled and that fadeth not away."—Bible. Cash in Bank—"Gold tried in the fire."—Bible. Liabilities: "Whosoever will may come."—Bible. Surplus over all liabilities: "Able to do exceedingly abundantly above all that we ask or think."—Bible. Condition of Policy: "Repentance toward God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ."—Bible. President—"King of Kings."—Bible. N. B.: 1. Applicants come directly to the President, and not through Priest, Cardinal, Bishop or Pope. 2. All companies offering to issue policies after death are a fraud. "After death the judgment."—Bible. "Now is the accepted time."—Bible. For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotton Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish but have everlasting life."—John 3: 16. The preacher may urge the importance of taking out a policy in the words and manner of a life insurance agent.

HONOR AMONG THIEVES. (524)

Ps. 46. Ps. 37: 40. Prov. 29: 25.

In 1846, when bands of outlaws were a constant menace to life and property in Hungary, the widow of a wealthy magnate was living in a lonely castle not far from the principle route between Buda and Vienna. The lady received one morning a polite note requesting her to provide supper at ten o'clock that night for twelve gentlemen! There could be no doubt as to the character of her self-invited guests; but she realized the futility of sending to town for help, as every road would be watched, and her courier waylaid.

At ten o'clock that evening up rode an armed band of twelve men. The castle gates were thrown open, and the mistress herself stood at the entrance to receive them, richly apparelled, as if to welcome honored and invited guests. She took the arm of the chief, and led the way to the dining hall.

There a goodly feast was spread, the tables and sideboard being covered with a magnificent display of gold and silver plate, the accumulation of many generations.

The leader of the robbers started in surprise, but quickly recovered himself, and acted the part of a well-bred gentleman during the feast. At the close he said:

"Madam, the happiest moments of my life have always been the shortest. In appealing to my honor as you have done tonight, you have saved me from the commission of a crime. Bad as I am, no one ever appealed to my honor in vain. As for you," looking sternly around with his hand on his pistol, "whoever takes anything from this house dies."

Subsequently the name of the robber was discovered. He was an impoverished younger son of one of the noblest families in Hungary. His fate was sad enough; he was captured a few months after the above incident, and ended his life under the hands of the common hangman. There is a spark of honor in the lowest heart, that with kindly breath may be coaxed into flame.

THE BLACK WOLF. (525)

Matt 7: 15. Acts 20: 29.

One fine day Vieuxtemps, the violinist, was invited to spend a few days at the residence of a wealthy Russian noble. He was not a little surprised and scared when, as he was going down the staircase on his way to dinner, he saw a black mask on the landing, in the midst of which glowed two fiery eyes.

'What is that?" asked the artist.

"Oh, nothing! only our black wolf. He's hungry," said his hostess.

At night, when Vieuxtemps was conducted to his apartment, he almost stepped upon the same black mass, which lay across the threshhold of the bedroom.

"What's that?" said the artist.

"Oh, nothing," said the valet-de-chambre, who accompanied him, "only our black wolf. I'll drive him off. Schwolf!"

Early next morning, as the attendant entered Vieuxtemp's room to open the shutters, a frightful fusilade was heard in the courtyard.

"What's that?" said the artist, starting up in bed.

"Oh, nothing! only our black wolf. They've shot him for killing the cook last night."—Youth's Companion.

What black wolf habit lurks in your home. It may destroy not only the cook but yourself or loved ones.

THIRSTY ENEMY. (526)

Rom. 12: 20. Acts 7: 60.

During the bloody conflicts near Tamanga, 1865, when the English troops stormed the formidable Gata Pa and had been repulsed, several wounded officers were left inside. One of them was tenderly cared for all through that dreary night by the very Maori who defended the place, Henare Trevatoa. He had been educated by the bishop at St. John's college. And now when his enemy feebly moaned for water, and there was none inside the camp, this noble warrior crept down, at the imminent peril of his own life, within the line of the English sentries, filled a vessel with water, and bore it back to the parched lips of the Englishman.

Next day he. too, died a soldier's death, and on his person was found the text of Holy Scripture which had suggested the noble deed "If thine enemy thirst give him drink."

SOWING EVIL. (527)

Gal. 6: 7. Matt. 26: 20.

When Feeleep, the saintly Archbishop of Moscow, fell under the displeasure of Ivan the Terrible because he endeavored to stop his cruelties, false witness was sought against him. At length, Payssi, who had succeeded him as prior of the monastery on the Island of Soloosky in the White Sea, where Feeleep had done such marvelous work among the poor inhabitants, was induced by a bribe to bring frightful charges against the archbishop. Instead of defending himself, he simply said, "This seed will not bring you a good harvest."

FAITHFUL ENEMY. (528)

Rom. 12: 20. Prov. 25: 21.

A king of Sparta was once banished by his subjects, and while in exile discovered that the king of Persia meant to attack his countrymen. Though still smarting under the wrongs he had received, he was too patriotic to keep from warning them of their danger. Having inscribed on his tablet the plans of their enemies, after enveloping the whole in wax, he committed it to a trustworthy messenger. For some time his message was unintelligible at Sparta, till at length his sister raised the wax, and the writing was discovered. Does this not remind us of One whose own received him not, yet for all that devised means whereby they should be delivered from the enemy?

GIFT OF AN ENEMY. (529)

Ps. 61: 3. 2. Sam. 20: 9-10.

When Richard I was warring with Suleiman the Sultan, the latter was much disappointed to find that his enemy frequently routed his troops with a comparatively small force.

One day however, when Richard was chasing a number of Mussulmen with a mere handful of soldiers, a messenger came up to him with a beautiful horse saying that Sulueiman was grieved that so brave a man, even though an enemy, should go among so many foes on foot, and therefore begged him to accept the horse for himself.

But Richard, suspecting some stratagem, placed a soldier, instead of himself, on his back, and his suspicion proved to be only too true, for the horse being trained for the purpose galloped at once with his rider to the Sultan. It is thus safer to go afoot rather than ride the devil's horse. You may think you can guide him with a bridle, but he is trained to obey his master.

THE ENEMY WITHOUT. (530)

Rom. 12: 10. 1 Cor. 3: 3.

The day before the battle of Trafalgar Admiral Collingwood went on board the Victory to receive instructions. Nelson asked him why he had not brought his captain with him, and was told in return that he and the admiral were not on very good terms with one another. Nelson at once sent a boat for Captain Rotherham, and on his arrival led him to Collingwood, and said, "Look, yonder are the enemy!" and bade them shake hands like Englishmen.

GOOD INTENTIONS.

What wonderful things we have planned, Love,
What beautiful things we have done,
What fields we have tilled, what gifts we have willed,
In the light of another year's sun!
When we think of it all, we are baffled,
There's so much that never comes true;
Because, Love, instead of our doing,
We're always just meaning to do.

The friends we are wanting to help, Love,
They struggle alone and forlorn,
By trial and suffering vanquished,
Perchance by temptation o'erborne:
But the lift, and the touch, and the greeting
That well might have aided them through
The perilous strait of ill-fortune,
They miss—we're but meaning to do.

We dream of a fountain of knowledge,
We loiter along on its brink,
And toy with the crystalline waters,
Forever just meaning to drink.
Night falls and our tasks are unfinished,
Too late our lost chances we rue,
Dear Love, while our comrades were doing,
We only were meaning to do.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

WINGED ARROWS FROM ARNOT'S SERMONS.

T. M. Fothergill, Ph. D.

The name of Arnot was for many years closely associated with those of Dr. Chalmers and Dr. Guthrie. When the Free Church movement began he threw in his lot with it and became pastor of St. Peter's Free Church, Glasgow. After an ardous and serviceable life he died at Edinburgh, June 3rd, 1875, just two years after the eloquent Guthrie passed away. Arnot was for a long time a popular contributor to the Sunday Magazine. His books also won him deserved fame for their lucidity of exposition, terseness of expression and soundness of doctrine. Our purpose, however, in writing of Arnot is to call the attention to the fine talents he displayed in illustrating divine truth. An illustration is not employed for its own sake nor for mere adornment, though surely a sermon has a right to possess the element of beauty, nor should it be given merely to arrest attention, though that also is no mean object, but it should stand primarily as an illuminator. Its office should be to focus light upon the truth in hand.

Arnot proved himself a master in the use of such illustrations, and out of a great number to be found in his works we select a few as specimens, with the confident expectation they will prove of no mean service.

UNERRING JUDGMENT. (531)

Acts 17: 31; John 12: 48.

Turning first to his Book on the Parables we find that he desires to make it clear that at the last day there will be no mistake in the judgment then given. And this is the illustration he employs—"There is a machine in the Bank of England which receives sovereigns, as a mill receives grain, for the purpose of determining wholesale whether all are of full weight. As they pass through, the machinery, by unerring laws, throws all that are light to one side, and all that are full weight to another. The process is a silent but solemn parable for me. Founded as it is upon the laws of nature, it affords the most vivid similitude of the certainty which characterizes the judgment of the great day. There are no mistakes or partialities to which the light may trust: the only hope lies in being standard weight before they go in."

CASTING OFF OFFENCES. (532)

Rom. 16: 17; Jno. 16: 1.

In a world of sin offences will come, and these are variously met by different people. "Some people," says Arnot, "possess the art of esteeming great injuries small, and some the art of esteeming small injuries great. The first is like a traveler who throws a great many stones out of the burden which he carries and so walks with ease along the road; the other is like a traveler who gathers a great many stones on the wayside and adds them to his burden and is therefore soon crushed by his load. But more than this, the foolish man who made his burden heavier retains the redoubled weight upon his back, while the wise man who made his burden lighter, contrives to throw off even the smaller weight that remained." That is a vivid picture, and not one of our auditors would fail to see the meaning of the two travelers, nor would the truth thereby conveyed fail to cling like a burr.

INJURIES LIKE LEECHES. (533)

Rom. 12: 20; Col. 3: 13.

While thinking of injuries we turn over a few pages, and we find an illustration of the way in which a Christian is able to exercise a spirit of forgiveness. "A traveler in Burmah, after fording a certain river found his body covered all over by a swarm of small leeches busily sucking his blood. His first impulse was to tear the tormentors from his flesh, but his servant warned him that to tear them off violently would expose his life to danger. They must not be torn off lest portions remain in the wounds and become poison; they must drop off spontaneously and so they will be harmless. The native forthwith prepared a bath for his master, by the decoction of some herbs and directed him to lie down in it. As soon as he had bathed in the balsam the leeches dropped off. Each unforgiven injury rankling in the heart is like a leech sucking the life blood. Mere human determination to have done with it, will not cast the evil thing away. You must bathe your whole being in God's pardoning mercy and these venomous creatures will instantly let go their hold. You will stand up free." That illustration speaks for itself.

WELDING IRON AND SOULS. (534)

John 15: 2; John 14: 21; I. John 2: 6.

Arnot had a skilful way of introducing interesting items pertaining to his own life. Desiring to show how God uses various methods to unite us to Himself, he relates that when a child he would watch the blacksmith at his work, asking many questions, at which the blacksmith sometimes smiled, and at other times gave kindly answer. "When two pieces of iron, placed in the fire, in order to be welded together, became red, I thought and said he should take them out and join them; but he left them lying still in the fire without speaking a word. They grew redder, hotter; they threw out angry sparks; now, thought I, he should certainly lay them together and strike; but the skilful man left them still lying in the fire, and meantime fanned it into a fiercer glow. Not till they were white and bending with their own weight when lifted like lilies on their stalks —not till they were at the point of be-

coming liquid, did he lay the two pieces alongside of each other, and by a few gentle strokes weld them into one. Had he laid them together sooner, however vigorously he had beaten them they would have fallen asunder in his hands. The Lord knows, as we know not, what preparation we need in order that we may be brought into union with Himself.

RIVER AND OCEAN—CHRISTIAN AND GOD. (535)

1 Tim. 6: 17; Jas. 1: 17; Rom. 8: 32.

It is probable that Arnot was well acquainted with the sea, and knew its varied moods and voices, for we find numerous illustrations drawn from that source and exquisitely wrought out. Here is one, the last we shall mention from the parables, employed to impress upon the mind the fact that all we have, we receive from God, and have therefore no ground of boasting. "Here is a little stream trickling down the mountain side. As it proceeds, other streams join it in succession from right and left until it becomes a river. Ever flowing and ever increasing as it flows, it thinks it will make a great contribution to the ocean. No, river, you are an unprofitable servant. The ocean does not need you, could do as well and be as full without you; is not in any measure made by you. True, rejoins the river, the ocean is so great that all my volume poured into it makes no sensible difference; but I shall contribute so much, and this, as far as it goes increases the amount of the ocean's supply. No; this indeed is the seeming to the ignorant observer on the spot; but whoever obtains deep knowledge and a wider range, will discover and confess that the river is an unprofitable servant to the sea,—that it contributes absolutely nothing to the sea's store. From the ocean came every drop of water that rolls down in that river's bed, alike those that fell into it in rain from the sky, and those that flowed into it from tributary rivers and those that sprang from hidden veins in the earth. Even although it should restore all, it gives only what it received. To the sea it owes its existence and power. Thus in the spiritual sphere—in the world that God has created by the spirit of His Son, circulations beautiful and beneficient continually play. From Him, and by Him, and to Him are all things. To the saved man through whom God's mercy flows, the activity is unspeakably precious; to him the profit, but to God the praise."

BRIDGE OF SIN. (536)

Matt. 6: 13; Rom. 6: 21; Jas. 1: 15.

Let us now turn to Arnot's work on the Book of Proverbs, where we find gems glittering almost on every page. This is the way in which is shown the growth of evil habits, which soon acquire great strength and boldness: "A gossamer thread is attached to an arrow and shot through the air unseen, over an unpassable chasm. Fixed on the other side it is sufficient to draw over a cord; the cord draws over a rope; the rope draws over a bridge by which a highway is opened for all comers. Thus is the gulf passed that lies between the goodly character of a youth fresh from his father's family and the daring heights of iniquity on which veteran libertines stand."

TWO PATHS PARALLEL. (537)

Matt. 7: 13; Prov. 16: 25.

Some one has said that if the devil showed his horns a vast number of his temptations would fail of their effect, but the temptation is made almost imperceptible, stripped of its horror, as Arnot puts it, "When it is intended, by a line of rails, to conduct a train off the main track, and turn it aside in another direction, the branch line at first runs parallel with the trunk. It goes alongside for a space in the same direction; but when it has thus got fairly off, then it turns more rapidly round and bounds away at right angles to its former course. As engineers avoid the physical, so the tempters avoid the moral difficulty. An abrupt turn is not attempted in either case."

SNARING RABBITS AND BOYS. (538)

Prov. 22: 25; Prov. 1: 17.

The following incident about a rabbit indicates how closely Arnot watched the passing events, and how aptly he could use it to convey a moral. "In my childhood I sometimes saw rabbits that damaged the corn field caught in snares. My first experience of the process melted me and the scene is not effaced from my memory yet. The creature was caught by the foot. It was a captive, but living. Oh, the agonized look it cast on us when we approached it. As a child I could not conceive of any more touching, thrilling appeal than the soft rolling eyes of that dumb captive, but when I 'became a man' and entered both on the experiences of the world and the ministry of the word, I met with scenes that cast these earlier emotions down into the place of childish things." I fell upon a youth who but lately was bounding hopefully along bidding fair for the better land and seeming to lead others on, caught by the foot in a snare. I went up to him, surprised to find him halting so; but, ah, the look, the glare from his eyes soon told, that the immortal was fast in the devil's toils. He lived, but he was held."

RICHES AND TORTURE. (539)

Heb. 2: 6; Prov. 13: 22; 1 Tim. 6: 9.

There is a custom among savages put to excellent purpose. "Certain tortures that savages have invented and applied to human bodies bear an analogy to the process, by which his money makes the miser miserable, alike when it abides with him, and when it departs. They wrap the body of the living victim all around in a thick inpermeable plaster and then set him free. If the covering remains all the pores of the body are clogged, the processes of nature are impeded and the life pines away; if it is torn off it tears the skin with it; the pain is soon over, but it is more severe. Thus the soul of a thorough

worldling is either choked by wealth possessed or torn by wealth taken away. Out of that dread dilemma he cannot wriggle."

GRADUAL WORK OF EVIL. (540)

1 Tim. 5: 24; Ps. 139: 23.

He places side by side two pictures, one dark, the other bright; one a picture of a good man, the other of a backslider. As illustrating the course of the latter, Arnot says: "Here is a weighing beam exposed to public view, with one scale loaded and resting on the ground, while the other dangles high and empty in the air. Everybody is familiar with the object and its aspect. One day the curiosity of the passers-by is arrested by observing that the low and loaded beam is swinging aloft, while the side which hung empty and light has sunk to the ground. Speculation is set on edge by the phenomenon, and set at rest again by the discovery of its cause. For many days certain diminutive but busy insects had, for some object of their own, been transferring the material from the full to the empty scale. Day by day the sides approached an equilibrium, but no change took place in their position; at last a grain more removed from one side, and laid on the other, reversed the preponderance and produced the change. There is a similar balancing of good and evil in a human heart. The sudden outward change results from a gradual inward preparation." As every backslider may see himself in the weighing beam, so a good man may see his portrait in the following.

A WELL OF WATER. (541)

Prov. 10: 11; John 4: 14; 2 Pet. 2: 17.

On a hot summer day, some years ago, I was sailing with a friend in a tiny boat, on a miniature lake, enclosed like a cup within a circle of steep bare Scottish hills. On the shoulder of the brown sunburnt mountain, and full in sight, was a well, with a crystal stream trickling over its lip, and making its way down towards the lake. Around the well's mouth, and along the course of the rivulet, a belt of green stood out in strong contrast with the iron surface of the rock all round. "What do you make of that?" said my friend. We soon agreed as to what should be made of it. It did not need us to make it into anything. There it was, a legend clearly printed by the finger of God on the side of those silent hills, teaching the passer-by how needful was a good man and how useful he may be in a desert world. "The mouth of the righteous man is a well of life."

FEEBLE EFFORTS BLESSED BY GOD. (542)

Matt. 13: 1-9.

My Father was a practical and skilful agriculturalist. I was wont, when very young, to follow his footsteps into the field, further and oftener than was convenient for him or comfortable to myself. Knowing well how much a child is gratified by being permitted to imitate a man's work, he sometimes hung the seed-bag with a few handfuls in it upon my shoulder and sent me into the field to sow. I contrived in some way to throw the grain away and it fell among the clods. But the seed that fell from an infant's hands, when it fell in the right place, grew as well and ripened as fully as that which had been scattered by a strong and skillful man. In like manner, in the spiritual department, the skill of the sower, although important in its own place, is, in view of the final result, a subordinate thing. The cardinal points are the seed and the soil. In point of fact, throughout the history of the church, while the Lord has abundantly honored his own ordinance of a standing ministry, He has never ceased to show, by granting signal success to feeble instruments, that results in His work are not necessarily proportionate to the number of talents employed.

SALVATION, AS A TREASURE, UNEXPECTEDLY FOUND. (543)

Matt. 13: 44.

The conditions of the treasure that may be buried under ground exist in substances widely different from gold and silver and precious stones. On the west coast of Scotland, a few years ago, some men, while engaged in digging fuel from a moor, found at a great depth large quantities of tallow carefully sewed up in raw ox-hides and in good preservation. In troubled and lawless times a clan had ravaged their neighbor's territory; not having had time to drive away the cattle they buried the only portion of the spoil that could be preserved, intending to return when the danger was passed and carry it away. The opportunity of realizing the booty had never occurred and the clansmen had carried the secret with themselves to the grave.

HOW TO SECURE FORGIVENESS.

Matt 18: 35; Luke 11: 3. (544)

The miller, finding that some of the lumps are large and hard, and that the millstones are consequently almost standing still, goes quietly out and lets more water on. Go you and do likewise. When injuries that seem large and hard are accumulated on your head and the process of forgiving them begins to choke and go slow under the pressure, as if it would soon stop altogether, when the demand for forgiveness grows great and the forgiving power in the heart is unable to meet it, then enter into your closet and shut your door and pray to your Father specifically for more experience of this forgiving love. So shall your forgiving love grow stronger and overcome every obstacle that stands in the way.

CHRIST SAVES PHARISEE AND PUBLICAN. (545)

Matt 21: 28-32; Phil. 3: 4-8; Matt. 9: 9.

God delights as much to receive a Pharisee as to receive a publican. . . . If I could be admitted, in the body or out of the body, to a vision of the saints in rest, I would like to creep near the spot where two saved sin-

ners chance to meet—the man who wrote this narrative (Matthew's gospel) and the man who preached Christ to the Gentiles. I would fain listen for an hour to the conversation of Matthew, the publican, and Saul, the Pharisee, when they meet in the mansion of the Father's house. Matthew will contend that the grace of their common Lord has been most conspicuously glorified in his own redemption, "for" he pleads, "I was all evil and had nothing good, I had neither inside purity nor outside whitening. I had neither the seemly profession without nor the holy heart within. I was altogether vile; and in me, therefore, is the grace of God glorified most. Paul, on the other side, will contend, with his keen intellect perfect at last, that he was the chief sinner, and that consequently in his redemption a more decisive testimony is given to the abundance of the Savior's grace. After describing his own hardness and blindness and unbelief, he will add, as the crowning sin of man, the crowning glory of God,—"while I was the chief of sinners, I gave myself out as one of the greatest of saints." . . . . It may be hard to tell whether of two mountains is the more elevated; but one thing is clear—both are covered by the flood. The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us—the profane and the self-righteous alike—cleanseth us from all sin.

KNOWLEDGE OF GOD NECESSARY.

Prov. 1:7; Psalms 3:10. (546)

The knowledge of God is the root of knowledge. When branches are cut from a tree and laid on the ground at a certain season, they retain for a time a portion of their sap. I have seen such branches, when the spring came round, pushing forth buds like their neighbors. But very soon the sap was exhausted, and as there was no connection with a root, so as to procure a new supply, the buds withered away. How unlike the buds that spring from the branches growing in the living root! This natural life is like a general branch. The knowledge that springs from it is a bud put forth by the moisture residing in itself. When life passes, it withers away. When a human soul is, by the regeneration, "rooted in them" the body's dissolution does not nip its knowledge in the bud. Transplanted into a more genial clime, that knowledge will flourish forever. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard," what it will grow to.

HEART AS A TABLE WRITTEN UPON (547)

II Cor. 3:3; Prov. 3:3.

At places of public resort, such as a summit of a lofty mountain, or the site of some famous monument, you may see tablets of wood or stone, or level turf. All over them inscriptions have been chiseled so thickly that you could not find an unoccupied spot to plant a letter on. The characters are various —some odd, some new, some well-formed, some irregular scrawls, some mere scratches on the surface, which a winter's storms will wash out, some so deep that they will be legible for ages. As to matter, some are records of personal ambition, others a spirit of thoughtless jollity, others the date of some great event; some are profane and some are obscene. The table lies there, the helpless recipient of ideas, good or bad, that stray comers may choose to impress on it.

I have thought, as I looked on the Babel-like confusion, that the heart of a man, which the Bible calls a table, is like one of these common public receptacles. In youth it is peculiarly soft and affords an inviting material for every adventurous sculptor to try his hand upon. It often lies exposed and receives the accidental impressions of every passerby. Many legends of mere emptiness have been written upon it, and were thought innocent; but there they are, at life's latest day, taking up room and doing no good. Some impure lines have been early carved in, and now they will not out, even the possessor has been renewed and learned to loathe them. Parents, set a fence around your children. Youths, set a fence around yourselves. Perhaps you have seen one of these monumental tablets suddenly enclosed, and a notice exhibited over the gateway warning all men to-wit: "That whereas, some evil disposed persons have imprinted vain and wicked words on this table, it has been surrounded by a strong fence, and henceforth no person shall be admitted to write thereon, except the owner and his friends." Go thou and do likewise. Warn the intruders off.

A MERE PROFSSION OF TRUST. (548)

Prov. 3:26; Psalms 119:67; Matt. 7:21.

I have observed that sea-going ships do not trust to themselves in the windings of a river. Where they are hemmed in between rocks and quicksands, grazing now the one and now the other, they take care to have a tug boat to bear them forward and guide them aright. They hang implicitly upon its power. But I have also observed that as soon as they get clear of the narrows—as soon as they have a good offing and an open sea, they heave off and hoist their own sails. They never want a steamer until they come to narrow waters again.

Such is the trust in God which the unreconciled experience. In distress they are fain to lean on the Almighty. While they are in the narrows, death seeming near on every side, conscious that they have no power and no skill, they would hang on the help of a deliverer. "My God, we know Thee" (Hosea 8:2) is then their cry. Most devout they are, and earnest. The line of their dependence seems ever tight by their constant leaning. But when they begin to creep out of these shoals of life—when the path opens wide and clear and safe again, they heave off, and throw themselves on their own resources. They become a God unto themselves, whenever dangers are out of sight. Forthwith and henceforth they live without God in the world, until they are driven into the straits again.

STORIES OF TEXTS IN MARK.

From "Favorite Texts of Famous People."

Suggested for mid-summer prayer meeting, Young People's meeting, or Sunday evening service.

Announce a week in advance that each one should bring a favorite text, from the gospel of Mark, if possible.

Sandwich the following between the texts given, and where one of the following is given, use the incident in commenting on the same.

Mark should be the business and workingman's gospel, for it is full of action and tells what Jesus did rather than what he said. Glance over its pages, and you will find "straightway, come, go, went, sent." The information was no doubt given by Peter to Mark, who it is said accompanied the apostle to Rome. Eusebius says that the Roman Christians were not satisfied with hearing alone, but wanted a record of the teaching. Mark evidently objected, for it is said that they did not cease their solicitations until they had prevailed with the man, and they thus became the means of that history which is called the gospel according to Mark. The energy expressed in the book would be in accord with Peter's characteristics. It is only about one-half the length of the other gospels.

Among those influenced in the past by texts from Mark were Francis Xavier, the greatest of Catholic missionaries; Francis Assissi, Cowper the poet, and Daniel Webster. Among those of the present who quote it are Hudson Taylor, at the head of the greatest single missionary enterprise of the century; Brigadier-General Anderson, and Walter Wyckoff, author of the Workers.

An incident illustrating the difference between the sympathy of Christ and the sympathy of the world deserves to be widely known. It occurred in the life of Mrs. Pigott, a missionary of the China Inland Mission, better known, perhaps, as the author of the hymn which begins:

"Jesus, I am resting, resting
In the joy of what thou art,
I am finding out the greatness
Of thy loving heart."

BY THE HAND. (550)

In her earlier life, when she was Miss Kemp, she was reading the Bible to a group of blind men on Drake street, Rockdale, England. When she had read Mark 8:23—"And he took the blind man by the hand, and led him out of the town," one of her blind hearers said quickly: "Read that again." Miss Kemp read again, "And he took the blind man by the hand, and led him out of the town." "Read it again," once more cried the blind man. Again it was read. "Does it say that he took him by the hand?" "Yes, by the hand." "Well," commented the poor man, "that is strange. I am not treated that way. When I ask people to lead me across the street they always take me by the sleeve."

WHAT PROFIT? (551)

Thomas W. Anderson, brigadier-general U. S. A., and maior-general of volunteers:

"The text that is most firmly fixed in my mind by circumstance you will find in Mark 8:36: 'For what shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?' I once had an intimate friend who was rich and successful, yet committed suicide. I thought of the text then and many times since, when I have seen piles of human dead on battlefields."

ONE TALENT. (552)

Mrs. J. Fairley Daly, of Glasgow, Scotland, and missionary to India, told the following at the Ecumenical Conference, 1900:

"I want to tell you," she said, "of a chief's daughter in my district of India, who was induced to come to the primary school. She remained there for two years. When she came back to her native village she was asked what she had learned, and on expressing a promise to tell her people of what her teachings had consisted, the whole village turned out that night to hear her. She knew only the gospel of St. Mark, and to that vast assemblage of women she read the Word night by night.

"They were so interested that they asked her to read it to them again, and she did so. This went on many times, and when, some time later, a missionary came into the district he found forty persons ready to receive the gospel and to enter his class."

SMOOTHES THE DAY. (553)

"Since I began," said Dr. Payson when a student, "to beg God's blessing on my studies, I have done more in one week than in the whole year before." Luther, when most pressed with his gigantic toils, "I have so much to do that I cannot get along without three hours a day of praying." Gen. Havelock rose at four, if the hour for marching was six, rather than lose the precious privilige of communion with God before setting out. Sir Matthew Hale said: "If I omit praying and reading God's Word, in the morning, nothing goes well all day." (Mark 1:35.)

FAITHFUL FRIEND. (554)

There was a young Spanish noble at the University of Paris named Francis Xavier. While Loyola (the founder of the order of the Society of Jesus) was studying at the university he came in contact with him. He watched him, read his mind and character, and then set himself to work to make him his own. Xavier sought fame and applause, and just as he got it, Loyola would come in his way with the solemn question, "What shall it profit if a man gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" (Mark 8:36.) Loyola would help him to new triumphs, but as often as they came there would come to him again from Loyola the solemn question, "What shall it profit?" At last the proud spirit of the Spanish noble yielded to the spell. Xavier became a disciple of Loyola; rivalled him in austerities, and ere long be-

came the missionary of the society, carrying his cross, his Bible, breviary and wallet to India and the Indian isles, even to Japan and China, till at last he laid down his life after eleven long years of heroic labor, stretched on the sand of the seashore of a lonely island.

STATESMAN'S TESTIMONY. (555)

Daniel Webster's testimony to his belief in Jesus Christ may be seen and read by anyone who cares to visit Marshfield, Mass., and the burial place of the great statesman. He lies buried half a mile back of his house, by the side of his wife and three children. His tomb is entirely unpretentious, being of rough granite with a sod roof. Webster distated his own epitaph on the day before his death. It is as follows:

Daniel Webster,

Born January 18, 1782; Died Oct. 24, 1852.
"Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief."
(Mark 9: 24.)

Philosophical argument, especially that drawn from the vastness, in comparison with the apparent insignificance of this globe, has sometimes shaken my reasons for the faith which is in me, but my heart has always assured and reassured me that the gospel of Jesus Christ must be a divine reality. The Sermon on the Mount cannot be a mere human production. This belief enters into the very depth of my conscience. The whole history of man proves it.

FRANCIS ASSISSI'S TEXT. (556)

"One thing thou lackest; go thy way, sell whatever thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven; and come, take up the cross, and follow me." (Mark 10: 21.) These were the words which moved Francis of Assissi to act literally on them, with the mightiest spiritual results while his followers kept to his spirit.

TO MINISTER (557)

Walter A. Wyckoff, author of The Workers, a book giving his experience as a young college man, who without money started out and worked at any kind of labor that offered, making his way across the country from the east to the west, in order that he might study the condition of the laboring man and the unemployed; since then Princeton professor:

"My favorite text of scripture is in the tenth chapter of Saint Mark's gospel and the forty-fifth verse, 'For even the Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many.'"

Walter A. Wyckoff.

In his book he gives the following experience with a handsome, strong young lumberman that had attracted him. His name was Dick, and he had told in the camp that he was going to walk to the railroad, and then beat his way to a camp farther west, where he could make more money. But the men all knew that the saloons and brothels at Williamsport would get all his money. Wyckoff could not endure the idea, and went out to the mountain road to wait for Dick to pass. After walking some distance with him, he told him frankly what he had in mind.

"Say, Buddy, you're a sky pilot, ain't you?"

"Perhaps I had no right to ask it upon so slight an acquaintance; but as there was little prospect of my ever seeing him again, I asked him if he felt no sense of wrong in using lightly the name of the Almighty."

I can see him now as he stood against the blackness of the forest under the clear, still stars, and answered me, with protest in his eyes and voice:

"By the Eternal, Buddy, I ain't swore for a month! May the Infinite consign me to the torture of all fiends, if I've swore for a month! That? Oh, that ain't nothing; that's the way that us fellows talk. If you live in camp long enough, Buddy, you'll hear a man swear."

His face was even more attractive in its expression of manly seriousness when he stood on the roadside at parting, and he put a firm hand on my shoulder, and fixed clear eyes on mine, as he told me, in his frank, open way, that he wanted to make a man of himself and not to be a drunken sot, and that, in this new venture before him, he would honestly try, and would ask for help.

RULE OF LIFE. (559)

Thomas Paine, who resided in Bordentown, N. J., was one day passing the residence of Dr. Staughton, when the latter was sitting at the door. Paine stopped, and after some remarks of a general character, observed: "Mr. Staughton, what a pity it is that a man has not some comprehensive and perfect rule for the government of his life." The doctor replied: "Mr. Paine, there is such a rule." "What is that?" Paine inquired. Dr. S. repeated the passage, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbor as thyself." Mark 12: 30, 31.) Abashed and confounded, Paine replied: "Oh, that's in your Bible," and immediately walked away.

JEWISH LEGEND. (560)

William F. McDowell, formerly chancellor of University of Denver, replied that he had no favorite; that the peculiar glory of the Bible, in his experience, was that it had something which exactly suited him every day. In one of his addresses he tells the following:

"The old Jews had a beautiful legend that the true pronunciation of the name of Jehovah had been lost, and that the secrets of the universe and forces of nature would be in possession of whoever rediscovered it. One day there did come one who did say, 'Abba, Father,' with the true filial accent, and the winds and the waves obeyed him. Earth and air, sea and seasons, became his servants. Storms did not hinder, they but furthered his deep and noble design." (Mark 14: 36, and Matthew 8: 27.)

MARCHING ORDERS. (561)

The Duke of Wellington once asked a clergyman: "How are you getting on with the propagation of the gospel abroad? Is there any chance of the Hindoos becoming Christians?" To which the clergyman replied: "Oh, no; I do not see anything doing there; I see no reason to suspect any work of the kind being successful." "Well," said the duke, "what have you to do with that? What are your marching orders? Are they not 'Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature?' Do your duty, sir, and never mind results." (Mark 16: 15.)

BOOK REVIEW DEPARTMENT.

"The Bible in Tatters."

BY ROBERTSON NICOLL, IN THE BRITISH WEEKLY.

In the third volume of his "Encyclopædia Biblica," Dr. Cheyne has given us a genuine surprise. He is welcome to the satisfaction which this admission will give him. Undoubtedly there is nowadays something freakish and impish in his mind and work. The prolonged process of letting off fireworks makes it necessary that each one should be more wonderful than the last. The audience must be held, and the proper means have been taken. In addition, the apparent mildness, meekness, and graciousness of the showman make a piquant background to his feats.

We wish we had space for anything like a complete discussion of this book. Its merits are what they have been, fulness of information and scholarly care. The volume is in many ways useful, not least for its bibliographies. They are marked by frequent omissions, and are by no means free from distinct errors. But a percentage of slips is inevitable, and it is bare justice to say that this percentage is as small as in any work of the kind. The defects of the Encyclopædia, its reckless extravagance, its habitual arbitrariness, and its constant dogmatism increase. Dr. Cheyne is now, as regards the Christian religion and its documents, practically a nihilist, and if he is to give us a fresh sensation in his next volume, as he probably will, we see nothing for it but that he should disavow theism—a short and simple step.

To do full justice to Dr. Cheyne's active and comprehensive intelligence, this Encyclopædia ought to be issued fortnightly. We know there are difficulties in the way. In order to give him every advantage we will take notice of an article he published in the Nineteenth Century for January, "A Turning Point in New Testament Study," before we proceed to the main feature of the new volume.

The principle of Dr. Cheyne's criticism, so far as we can deduce it, is that all statements in the Old Testament and in the New Testament as we have them are, to say the least, probably false. He takes us far beyond the assumption of the anti-supernaturalists. To them every miracle is incredible. This Dr. Cheyne takes as a mere matter of course; but with him everything is incredible, and his problem is to account for the existence of the misleading records. In the Old Testament he still finds some little difficulties. Even advanced critics recognize considerable historical material in certain parts of the Old Testament. This, of course, shows their "narrowness of view," but so it is. Fortunately for Dr. Cheyne, a German, entitled "Hugo Winckler, Assyriologist and Historian," appears on the scene with a history of Israel, which Dr. Cheyne describes as "a perfect specimen of the free, disinterested treatment of things." This accomplished gentleman holds that the material which legend in the East has worked into the semblance of history is derived from mythology. As yet we gather that he thinks some Old Testament characters are historical, though the stories told of them are mythical. Many, however, are not historical. They never existed. Abraham, Isaac and Jacob are lunar heroes, Sarah is the daughter of the moon god, Leah and Rachel express the new moon and the full moon, Joseph is the sun god. Saul and David existed, but Saul was a lunar hero and David solar. His real name was Dod and his red hair is an image of the rays of the sun. Solomon, according to the knowing Winckler (one cannot help thinking of the transactions of the Pickwick Club), was not the son of Bathsheba, but of Abigail. There is no need to criticize, but it is worth while noting that in this way the few fragments of historical truth remaining in the Old Testament may be got rid of to Dr. Cheyne's satisfaction.

1. The New Testament is a much harder problem. We thought Dr. Cheyne had done well in getting Schmiedel to work at the Gospels. Still, the result was not quite satisfactory. Something was left. So enters our old friend Dr. Van Manen of Leyden with a great flourish of trumpets, blown by himself. Dr. Van Manen's business is to deny that we have any genuine epistle by St. Paul. In other words, he rejects the position of Bauer and his followers, that the four Epistles—Galatians, 1 and 2 Corinthians, and Romans—are genuine. He is thus at issue with the most advanced German critics, and with writers in the Encyclopædia itself. Now, as it would seem, Dr. Cheyne himself hesitates just a little, so strong is prejudice in the most emancipated mind!

Dr. Van Manen, with natural complacency and much fulness, sets out the history of his school, and incidentally does great justice to his own achievements. We shall take leave to supplement his account, adding one or two little particulars which a noble modesty has led him to leave out. The real father of the school was Bruno Bauer, who wrote as early as 1852, and reached at a bound the position which Van Manen himself still scruples to take, though it will be found unquestionably the final resting place of rationalism. The strange and troubled career of Bruno Bauer is sketched in that admirable and too little known book, Dr. Adam Farrar's "Critical History of Free Thought." Bauer lived to repeat his attack about 1877, and to deny not only the Pauline origin of the Epistles, but the historical reality of Jesus Christ. About the time of Bruno Bauer's death A. D. Lo-

man, the Dutch theologian, practically affirmed Bruno Bauer's main positions, and argued in their favor. He suggested that Christianity was nothing else than a Messianic movement amongst the Jews. Jesus of Nazareth never existed. There came in 1886 the joint work of two other Dutch theologians, Pierson and Naber. The title might be freely rendered "The New Testament in Tatters." Van Manen does not say what we will say for him, that he criticized Pierson and Naber with great effect, and with much satirical power. He had never, so far as we are aware, been one of the orthodox. Our first knowledge of him was in connection with his Dutch adaptation of "Supernatural Religion"—the first part in which the impossibility of miracles is argued. (By the way, Dr. Van Manen gives the name of the author of "Supernatural Religion," but he does not spell it correctly). All these critics joined in believing that the Paul of the Epistles never existed. There was or may have been such a man as Paul of Tarsus, but not a canonical Paul. They held with Bruno Bauer that Jesus was symbolic, not a historical person at all. They were encountered by advanced theologians in Holland. Scholten, a very clever, very learned, very bold, and very wrong-headed critic, was one of their antagonists, and Kuenen himself, with characteristic caution, refused to accept their conclusions. They found a recruit in Switzerland, Steck of Berne, who died, we think, in 1886. By this time Van Manen was condemning Steck as a conservative, because though he rejected all the epistles, he saw in Paul a plainly historical person. The German critics of all schools were practically unanimous in rejecting those views. Schmiedel himself severely criticized Steck, while Hilgenfeld attacked Van Manen. The one elaborate refutation they received, so far as we are aware, was the work of Gloel, who died early. Others did not think them worth serious reply, and in the later German books very little notice is taken of their speculations, and it may be said with confidence that they will occupy a small place in the history of criticism. They have plenty of room in the "Encyclopædia Biblica," and it is natural that Van Manen should do his best to use it. From their own point of view those critics have something to say for themselves. It is plain that neither Christ nor Christianity can be obliterated so long as the great Epistles remain, and are assigned to St. Paul. We have in them such a testimony to the great facts of the Gospel as makes a complete and overpowering apologetic. We do Dr. Cheyne the credit of believing that he fully recognized this, and further, as Zahn and others have shown, if these four Epistles are St. Paul's, others may be successfully vindicated as St. Paul's.

2. This is the new feature of the new volume. For the rest, Dr. Cheyene continues to maintain his claim to rewrite the Old Testament and the New Testament as may suit him. He is in arms against the text. He emends freely in both Testaments for reasons largely subjective. A characteristic example of his method may be found in his article on Nazareth. Nazareth, in Dr. Cheyne's opinion, was never the dwelling-place of Jesus. The conclusion is stringent if it be granted, as Dr. Cheyne seems to affirm, that there was no such place in the time of Jesus. Referring to the words of Nathaniel, "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" Dr. Cheyne informs us that the passage should read, "Can the Holy One proceed from Nazareth?" and Nazareth means Galilee. In one of those rare and startling accesses of diffidence which come to Dr. Cheyne, he says, "We cannot indeed prove this beyond dispute." He goes on to tell us that Jesus was not born in Bethlehem of Judea. He was born in Bethlehem of Zebulon, about seven miles W. N. W. of Nazareth. "The title 'Bethlehem Nazareth" was misunderstood by some of the transmitters of the tradition, so that while some said Jesus was born at Bethlehem others said Jesus was born at Nazareth." We must be allowed another quotation: "To this theory it is no valid objection that it involves going behind the present evangelical narratives, that is in fact indispensable to historical criticism—we have to do so continuously in the O. T., and no good reason has been offered for invariably acquiescing in the oldest extant forms of the evangelic traditions." Quite so.

But the main characteristic of the whole volume, as in its predecesors, is that wherever a passage conflicts with the theory, that passage has to go. The knife is used with the utmost freedom at the caprice of the critic. Almost every page furnishes examples of this, but we have been rather specially interested in Dr. Cheyne's article on Prayer, which is curiously childish whenever he gets into the region of spiritual experience. Dr. Cheyne has no hesitation in getting rid of the Parables of the Importunate Friend and the Importunate Widow. As he guardedly says, "In these parables Jesus may seem to recommend importunate prayer." This is so, but according to Dr. Cheyne importunate prayer is proof of imperfect trust in God, therefore importunity is excluded, and the parables are to be rejected. Comment is superfluous. We had occasion in our articles, "The Church's One Foundation," to say something about the scientific character of criticism. Criticism will never come to much till it rests on principles established from the study of world literature. Any real thought will show that neither men's lives nor their books will fit into comprehensive theories. Men are constantly doing and saying things not in harmony with the main tenor of their existence. And so it is in their books. It is the unexpected that always happens. A perfect conformity to a fixed idea is never afforded by an author or by a man. The principles on which the criticism of this book rests are in the main not only doubtful but completely false.

3. We note in this book the well marked signs of—we really wish we could use some other word than craze. "Jerahmeel" plays a greater and greater part. Thus it is used to explain the origin of Purim. Mordecai is simply a corruption of a name such as Carmeli (one of the popular distortions of Jerahmeeli). Not only is the problem of Purim and of Esther solved in this way, but we are

actually told that a similar method will solve the problem of the stories of Daniel. Daniel, says Dr. Cheyne, is most easily explained as a corruption of Jerahmeel. It is by no means improbable, he tells us that the hero of the stories in our Book of Daniel was originally called by some popular mutilation of Jerahmeel that Bat el is a distortion of Jerahmeel—and so forth. The writer pathetically adds that "the force of the evidence for the editorial resetting of Biblical tradition is cumulative. (See Crit. Bib)." Crit. Bib. is a short name for a work which Dr. Cheyne has in preparation called Critica Biblica. This is to supply the evidence that is wanting here. We have a precise parallel to the Bacon-Shakespeare craze. It is quite worth while to examine this theory merely for the purpose of seeing what can be done by the methods of argument so freely adopted by Biblical critics. Of course no real man of letters who knows Shakespeare would ever give the theory a thought. There is nothing in the evidence that has even the smallest force, and yet speaking from a fair acquaintance with the books we confidently affirm that the argument is far more plausible than many arguments used by Biblical critics; in fact, if the advocates of Bacon had been dealing with some book in the Bible they would have been enthusiastically supported by all the professors at Leyden, by Dr. Cheyne, and by a good many more. The Gallup Cipher goes naturally with the rest, and is exactly on a parallel with Dr. Cheyne's rich and fruitful Jerahmeel.

4. It is important to note that this kind of criticism has no end, save a complete destruction of the Bible and its religion—in other words, moves onward and still onward to nihilism. It will be found very soon that it is quite compatible with any theory of the real existence of Christ or Paul, not to speak of others. The answer is very simple. When all is said and done we have the Christ, the Church, and the Book still waiting to be accounted for, still unaccountable save on the true view that they are the supreme miracle of the universe.

Dr. Cheyne has certainly not spared the religious susceptibilities of his readers. No man criticizes more freely, no man in our experience is less patient of criticism. He does condescend to reassure his readers here and there by arguing that the Bible makes for righteousness, and we fully believe that truth and righteousness are dear to him, whatever he may think of religions and theologies. All we can say is that if the mythological methods in which he puts such faith survive, it will be well for his memory. The mythologizing critic of the future will never believe that the man who is so zealous for righteousness, and so careful for truth, the man who has been forced by the evidence to deny the deity of Christ. His Virgin birth, His miracles, His Resurrection, who has practically found no sure record of His earthly history, actually spent three months of every year in solemn daily recital of the creeds and prayers of the Christian Church. Dr. Cheyne, if these theories survive, will certainly be pronounced a lunar hero—yes, lunar. If they do not survive he will be described by a shorter, more intelligible name.

UNUSUAL.

A little girl girl was complaining to her brother about the length of a sermon to which she had listened. "Just think, brother," she said, "he preached forty minutes." "And how much of the sermon do you remember?" her brother questioned pointedly. The child hesitated for awhile and finally said:

"I believe he told us to help other people."

"Is that all you remember?"

"Why—yes."

"Then, how much do you suppose you would have remembered if he had only preached half that long?"

During an election in a certain locality a temperance candidate called upon a rumseller, and solicited his vote. "I would rather vote for the Evil One himself than for you," was the savage response. "Yes, I know," said the candidate, "but in case your friend should not be nominated, might I then count on your assistance?"

The pastor announced at the close of the sermon that a meeting of the board would follow. All the audience, except the board and one stranger, passed out. The pastor hemmed, and said: "Brother, I guess you misunderstood. This is a meeting of the board." "Yes," the stranger said," go right ahead. I was never so bored in all my life."

A nurse was putting the finishing touch to her charge's toilet, preparatory to sending the little girl into the dining-room for dessert. Seeing a speck of dirt on the child's face, she took the corner of her apron and dampened it in her mouth. The guests were suddenly convulsed by hearing through the half-open door a shrill childish voice, "Tompany or no tompany, me won't have my face spit-washed."

A recent article on homesickness, in the Companion, recalls the reply made by a young Swedish maid to her mistress. It expresses clearly, though in imperfect English, what every sufferer from homesickness feels.

"You ought to be contented and not fret for your old home, Ina," said the lady, as she looked at the dim eyes of the girl. "You are earning good wages, your work is light, every one is kind to you, and you have plenty of friends here."

"Yas'm," said the girl, "but it is not the place where I do be that makes me vera homesick, but it is the place where I don't be."

Curran once said to Father Leary: "I wish, reverend father, that you were St. Peter, and had the keys of heaven, because then you could let me in." The shrewd and witty priest saw the sarcasm, and turned its sharp edge on the sceptic by replying: "By my honor and conscience, sir, it would be better for you that I had the keys of the other place, for then I could let you out."

"O mamma," cried five-year-old Dorothy, "I'm just as full of glory as I can be!"

"What do you mean?" inquired her mother, with natural surprise.

"Why-ee," said Dorothy, "there was a sunbeam right on my oatmeal spoon, and I swallowed it."

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Dear Editor:—It may be of interest to you and your many readers to learn something of the work that is being done in Cleveland during the summer along the line of giving the Gospel to the multitudes. Cleveland has felt, nearly as much as other cities, the influence of the lengthening of the summer vacation, and especially the retreating of many of our best workers away from the heat and steady grind of a rushing, growing city, to the cool and quiet and repose of a home on the lake shore or in some suburban town, or in some instances to the more quiet of a home in the country. This of necessity greatly reduces the working force in all our churches; so much so, indeed, that in some of our churches there is very little attempted beyond the maintaining of the morning service and the Bible school. Even those churches that try to maintain an evening service, with very few exceptions, find it to be decidedly uphill work. We are probably not any worse off here in Cleveland, however, than in many other cities, but we cannot content ourselves on that score, and the encouraging part of it is we are not contenting ourselves. This year is witnessing a decided change for a strong, aggressive summer's work. Perhaps the movement should date back to last summer, when a small attempt was made by the pastors of Case avenue, North and South Presbyterian Churches to hold open air services in their immediate vicinities. In each case it was felt the experiment gave satisfactory results.

This year has seen the work grow considerably. In one instance, where some eight churches, consisting of five different denominations, formerly united their forces during the summer months into one service in the evening—and that one not well attended—this year that same group of churches united as before, but instead of holding the service in one or other of the churches they have secured the use of one of the nearby parks. They have also secured the co-operation of the Park Board to the extent that it furnishes seats for the audience—at least for part of the audience—possibly five or six hundred—and a platform for the speakers and musicians. The initial service was held on June 15th at 5 o'clock. It was estimated that from twelve to fifteen hundred people were seated or standing within sound of the speaker's voice, and engaged in the service of song. A committee of three—two pastors and one elder—was appointed to look after these services—to secure the speakers (one of the eight ministers in the group), look after the singing, etc. A large leaflet was furnished giving the location of the meetings—the different speakers—six or eight hymns—and three selections from the book of Psalms, arranged for responsive reading. These were scattered among the audience, and as the service was announced a great volume of song ascended to God from beneath the trees. These park services have been announced to continue until the second Sunday in July. It is possible they will continue longer.

As might be expected, the Church that started the movement last summer has not been idle. Consequently on the first Sunday in June the pastor of Case Avenue Presbyterian Church announced that on the following Sunday evening, instead of holding the usual evening service in the Church, the members of the Church were invited to join with himself and the elders in an open-air service two blocks removed from the regular place of worship. At the opening service fully three times as many people were gathered together as would have been in the Church had the service been held there. In this instance a vacant lot is used in a thickly peopled section of the city. Thus far the work of speaking has fallen entirely upon the pastor, but the members of the Church aid greatly in the singing, etc. Instead of having the aid of the Park Board in furnishing seats, one of the leading undertakers has provided a large number of chairs. There is no tent, not even the covering of the wide-spreading trees. The service is held right out in the open air. A "Baby" organ is used to help in the music. A neat folder is used giving the name of the Church conducting the services—the words of eighty hymns—and two responsive readings. These services have now been conducted for three weeks with a greatly increasing interest. It is the plan to continue them through the month of July, and possibly longer.

We should not fail to notice a work that is being carried on by the Rev. Chas. A. Eaton, pastor of the Euclid Avenue Baptist Church, the leading Baptist in the city. He has inaugurated a work on somewhat different lines to that already mentioned. Without any choir he takes his place on one side of the "Public Square" and, mounted on a goods box, he begins to speak to the gathering crowds as they come out of the offices at the noon hour. In a few minutes he has gathered around him from one to three hundred people, who listen to a plain, pointed address by a man who is not afraid to publicly declare his convictions.

Another work is just being started by one of our leading Christian women. She is securing the co-operation of several of the leading pastors in the heart of the city to hold another park service at one of the other parks. In this case it is planned to gather together a large chorus of young people who will be under her own direction, she being a very prominent musician and singer.

DONALD M. GRANT.

Cleveland, Ohio.

STUDIES IN NEGLECTED TEXTS,

BY REV. G. B. F. HALLOCK, D. D.

THE GRACE OF BEING TENDER HEARTED.

Eph. 4: 32.

We are naturally tender hearted. It is certain that the struggle of life as we see it every day has a strong tendency to form in us and encourage traits the very reverse of tenderness. The hot struggle that goes on in social life, though covered with the courtesies of education and refined manners, often brings about an awful refinement of cruelty in the treatment people give each other. The hurry, the pressure, and the weariness of hard work, for those who must labor with their hands, act as a foe to tenderness of heart in the lives of men and women. These reasons only press upon us all the more strongly the duty of cultivating the grace of being tender hearted.

I. We ought to be moved to this, for one thing, by the great example we have of the tenderness in God. Tenderness is one of the attributes of our heavenly Father. How often occur in the Bible such expressions as, "the tender mercy of God," "the tender mercies of our God," etc. There is among men such a thing as mercy without its being tender; just as there is kindness without its being loving kindness. Some people bestow kindness so roughly that it is scarcely kindness at all.

II. Tenderness defined. Tenderness is not weakness. Some seem to think that it is a sign that they are weak if they manifest tenderness. On the contrary it implies the possession of strength. Not necessarily physical strength, but it implies self-possession, a collected mind, self-command, moral strength. It is the stronger bending to lift the weak. For tenderness is an active not a passive trait. It is not the indolent sentimental ity that weeps over novels and sympathizes with imaginary woes. It is something that serves, that does something to relieve actual need. It is the Good Samaritan actually pouring the oil and the wine into wounds and helping the fallen to their feet. Neither is tenderness a sort of enthusiastic folly, helping indiscriminately and falling in with unwise forms of manifesting sympathy.

III. The duty of being tender hearted.

1. Toward God. May be some of us think of tenderheartedness as a grace to be manifested exclusively toward our fellowmen. "Past feeling" is a condition the Bible tells us people get into in their treatment of God. There is no more hardened condition of heart one can get into than to become wanting in susceptibility to Divine influences. How many there are who are actually heeddless of and unmoved by the story of the Cross. Nothing could mark them as more lacking in the grace and tenderness of heart.

2. We ought to be tender-hearted toward our fellow-men. Not alone to the sick, the feeble, the poor, the aged. We ought to be very tender toward all these, but we owe more of tenderness than we manifest toward our equals.

3. We ought to be tender, too, toward the animal creation. There is room for great improvement here, even among people who will not strike a dog, beat a horse, starve a cat, or neglect a wounded bird. Do we always consider the weariness and pain of our horses when we make them hold up their heads in one constrained position by a tight check rein? Men and women who would be insulted if told they are not tenderhearted are going up and down our country roads and city streets every day practicing this form of cruelty. How many women there are who need to cultivate this grace of tenderness enough to prevent the most cruel slaughter of millions of God's creatures, the beautiful birds, and the causing of other millions of little nestlings to starve, by the killing of the parent birds, while the wearers advertise their shame by setting up the dead bodies as a so-called ornament on their hats. Tenderness of heart is a choice grace, one by which we can commend both ourselves and the Saviour we serve by being more careful in the cultivation of. Let us be watchful against all hardness of heart. Let us cultivate this beautiful grace of tenderness of heart.

"THE BIBLE IN MINIATURE."

John 3: 16.

Luther calls this verse "The Bible in miniature." Another calls it "The epitome of the Gospel." One thing is very sure, that these words of Christ form a wonderfully comprehensive sentence, carrying us into the very citadel of truth. Take them as your unalterable creed: "I Believe that 'God so loved the world that he gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.'" In this one verse lies the essential substance of Christianity. In studying this one sentence we are studying the whole scheme of redemptive love.

I. Here we find the foundation fact of the motive of redemption. It is love. "God so loved." Back of all efforts to rescue the race was God's great heart of love. God is love. Love is sacrifice. The death of Christ was the sacrifice of God. Our redemption was love prompted, love conceived, love wrought.

II. Again, we find in these words the method of redemption. It is by the gift of God's Son. "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son." And the Son so loved that He willingly came to seek and to save." When God gave His Son He knew what would be the result; what treatment He would receive. God knew from His manger-cradle to His cross His only beloved Son would be humiliated, and tempted, and persecuted, and tried, and condemned, and scourged, and buffeted, and thorn-crowned, and spit upon, and crucified, cruelly and shamefully crucified by men, and yet—and yet, "God so loved the world that He gave

His only begotten Son." And Christ so loved the world that He "endured the cross, despising the shame," and "gave His life a ransom for many."

III. It is just here that there is revealed also the ground of our redemption: an atoning sacrifice. "God so loved the world that He gave"—gave His dear Son up to atoning, sacrificial death. That means the cross with all its tortures. Christ himself said, "The Son of man must be lifted up that (in order that) whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." There, in the cross, Christ put His saving power.

IV. But this ground is effectual, for here we discover also the purpose of redemption; for in all this love and provision there is one grand purpose, namely, salvation. It was in order that "Whosoever believeth in Him might not perish, but have everlasting life." The motive, love; the method, sending His Son; the ground, an atoning sacrifice; the purpose, salvation. "God sent His Son into the world that the world through Him might be saved." Christ did not come simply to teach, or to educate, or to reveal, but to rescue. Had the world not needed saving, Christ need never have come. "But," it may be asked, "what is the character of this salvation. Saved from what?" The answer is plain, from "perishing." Not from misfortune, not from trouble, not from ignorance, not from degradation—all of these, but indefinitely more—from everlasting death to everlasting life.

V. Still more personally important, we are told who are the subjects of redemption—every one that "believeth." The words are, "Whosoever believeth." Their plain meaning is that God in Christ has made for every creature the fullest, freest, richest possible provision, with this one condition—a loving, acquiescing appropriating faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. The passage brings to us all this one boundless, all inclusive word, "Whosoever;" and this one qualifying condition, "believing." Meeting the condition at once all the infinite wealth wrapped up in this one wonderful statement becomes our personal possession.

PAUL'S ESTIMATE OF THE GOSPEL.

"So, as much as in me is, I am ready to preach the Gospel to you that are in Rome also," etc. Rom. 1:15, 16.

In the face of all that is here implied in the way of difficulty and peril, it was no small thing for Paul to be able to say that he was ready to preach the Gospel at Rome.

I. In the first place let us notice one reason for his readiness: It was because of Paul's high estimate of the Gospel itself. He says: "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ; for it is the power of God unto salvation."

We say that the twentieth century is making itself notable for its wonderful discoveries in science. Science is especially advancing in its discoveries of new powers. The most potent force yet discovered by science is dynamite. But Paul discovered it long before. This is the very word used here in the Greek. The Gospel, he tells us, is the dynamite of God! And it is mighty. "The weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds." Paul had found that the Gospel is power, and therefore had confidence in it.

II. Secondly, let us bear in mind how Paul came to this conviction.

1. First, he had felt its power in his own experience. He knew whereof he spoke. He had been a proud persecutor, a haughty, self-righteous, persecuting Pharisee, "making havoc of the Church," "entering every house, haling men and women, committing them to prison," "persecuting even unto the death"—we would have said, "Why nothing in the world can arrest that man!" But on the way to Damascus, Jesus met him with the Gospel. Paul fell to the ground trembling and astonished. He felt its power.

2. Again, he had witnessed its power also in the case of others. In the jailer, in Lydia, in Sergius Paulus, and in multitudes of others he had seen it as the power of God unto salvation. No wonder Paul went so boldly to Rome when he had such a weapon as this in his hand.

III. Thirdly, consider how amply Paul's faith was justified by the results.

Paul went to Rome; he taught the truth; he preached the Gospel; he put in that dynamite which, shortly after, exploding, blew up the Roman world-power and transformed it into an empire of his Lord. Paul went into the very heart of Rome, a prisoner at that, and won his trophies for the Cross in the most hopeless spot in all the world. The court of Cæsar seemed like the very capitol throne of Satan himself. Yet right there it was that Paul planted the truth, established a church, and won no mean following to Christ, so that soon afterwards, writing from Rome an epistle to the Philippian Church, he could say: "All the saints salute you, chiefly they that are of Cæsar's household." Think of it, right in Cæsar's household those trophies had been won.

1. Think of the audacity of the Gospel, that it could go right into the heart of the citadel of Satan, into Cæsar's household. It dares to go anywhere.

2. Think of the power of the Gospel, that it could win its trophies there, in Cæsar's household. It can succeed anywhere.

3. Think of the vitality of the Gospel, that it could live and thrive there, in Cæsar's household. It can live and thrive anywhere that men are found.

Paul knew why he was so ready to preach at Rome also. Paul knew why he was not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ. It was "power." It was "the power of God unto salvation." And let us bear in mind this fact, also, that it is the same Gospel we have today, and which, if preached in its absolute integrity, will ever bring like results.

SOLITARY PLACES IN LIFE.

"*And he went a little further.*" Matt. 26: 39.

It is said of Christ in the garden of Gethsemane that he "went a little further," to endure the agony he had to bear, apart from his disciples. They could not follow him in person or in fact all the way. Their sympathy was sweet and helpful. In presence they

could go with him a certain distance. But when it came to the supreme measure of the anguish of the hour no human heart could help. He must be alone with God.

Just so are there times in our lives when all human help fails to help. However loving and willing to render aid our friends may be, and however responsive to them and unwilling to separate ourselves from them we may be, yet there must come a place of division, a point which with all our thoughts and longings and heart-needs we must "go a little further." Companionship must stop short of the depths of our Gethsemane.

What are some of the solitary places of life?

I. One is the *Gethsemane of bereavement by death.* Friends may be ever so kind, may do ever so much, may send sweet messages, or say the most tender and sympathetic words, and yet—we must "go a little further." All companionship is left behind and we suffer alone. Alone in the garden of grief.

II. Another such solitary place is *the Gethsemane of enforced decision of duty.* This was one special feature of Christ's solitariness in the garden. Would he go on to the cross or not? Was it his duty to go on? In his human nature Christ shrank from death, as we all do, and he even prayed that the cup might pass from him. The struggle of duty was fought out to a decision there in Gethsemane. It was a struggle Christ had to make entirely alone. Alone he fought; alone he won.

Selected Poetry.

BALLAD OF THE TREES.

1 Peter 2: 24.

Into the woods my Master went,
Clean forspent, forspent.
Into the woods my Master came,
Forspent with love and shame.
But the olives they were not blind to Him,
The little gray leaves were kind to Him,
The thorn tree had a mind to Him,
When into the woods my Master came.

Out of the woods my Master went
And he was well content.
Out of the woods my Master came,
Content with death and shame.
When death and shame would woo Him last,
From under the trees they drew Him last;
'Twas on a tree they slew Him—last;
When out of the woods He came.

—Sidney Lanier.

THE OTHER FELLOW.

"If for thee and me One died,
In his love we both abide;
All the love that saveth me
Reaches out beyond to thee.

"What my right to pictured peace,
What my right to beauteous ease,
While outside my window pane
Walks one outcast in the rain?"

My little craft sails not alone;
A thousand fleets from every zone
Are out upon a thousand seas;
And what for me were favoring breeze
Might dash another, with the shock
Of doom, upon some hidden rock.
And so I do not dare to pray
For winds to waft me on my way,
But leave it to a higher will
To stay or speed me, trusting still
That all is well, and sure that he
Who launched my bark will sail with me
Through storm and calm, and will not fail,
Whatever breezes may prevail,
To land me, every peril past,
Within his sheltering haven at last.

Then, whatsoever wind doth blow,
My heart is glad to have it so;
And blow it east or blow it west,
The wind that blows, that wind is best.

—Mrs. Caroline A. Mason.

Wherever a mantle of pity falls soft on a wound or a woe;
Wherever a peace or a pardon, springs up to o'ermaster a foe;
Wherever a fost hand of blessing, outreaches to succor a need,
Wherever springs healing for wounding, the Master is risen indeed!
Wherever the soul of a people, arising in courage and might,
Bursts forth from the errors that shrouded its hopes in the gloom of the night;
Wherever, in sight of God's legions, the armies of evil recede,
And truth wins a soul or a kingdom, the Master is risen indeed!

—L. A. H. in The Christian Work.

She sat on the sliding cushion,
The dear wee woman of four;
Her feet in their tiny slippers,
Hung dangling over the floor.
She had meant to be good—she had promised—
And so, with her big brown eyes,
She stared at the meeting-house windows,
And counted the crawling flies.

She looked far up at the preacher,
But she thought of the honey bees
Droning away in the blossoms
That whitened the cherry trees.
She thought of the broken basket,
Where curled in a dusky heap,
Three sleek, round puppies, with fringy ears.
Lay snuggled fast asleep.

Such soft, warm bodies to cuddle,
Such queer little hearts to beat,
Such swift, round tongues to lap,
Such sprawling, cushiony feet!
She could feel in her clasping fingers
The touch of the satiny skin,
And a cold, wet nose exploring
The dimples under her chin.

Then a sudden ripple of laughter
Ran over the parted lips,
So quickly she could not catch it
With her rosy finger-tips.
The people whispered, "Bless the child!"
As each one waked from a nap,
But the dear, wee woman hid her face
For shame in her mother's lap.

—Open Window.

Religious Review of Reviews.

Conducted by J. NEWTON BROWN.

Rev. Frank De Witt Talmage takes the place of the elder Talmage as preacher in the Christian Herald, and it is high praise to say that his sermons bear a striking resemblance to his father's.

The Standard devotes more than a page to an excellent presentation of the Missionary Organization and Work of the Methodist Episcopal Church, by Dr. W. F. Oldham, the assistant missionary secretary. And the Standard is a little better Baptist paper than it would be without such articles from Methodists.

Bibles were never sold so rapidly in China as now. During the last year the American Bible Society has disposed of one-fourth as many Bibles there as during the previous forty years. One of its agents writes: "From all quarters come tidings of men who have bought the Scriptures, and who have gathered together to read, study and pray over them without any missionary to help or preach to them."

Peace in South Africa, and those who yesterday were trying to shoot each other, are now praising each other's courage and parting as friends. Between such people the war itself was unnecessary. But there are two good things which will come out of it. One is a great peace lesson for England, and the other is an open door for missions in Africa.

Miss Helen Gould has erected in Brooklyn and presented to the Young Men's Christian Association, for the sailors and marines of the navy, a splendid building 75 by 100 feet and seven stories high. The plans and equipment are the most complete that experience and the needs of sailors could suggest.

Never have the efforts of Dr. Francis E. Clark been more fruitful than during the last six months, while he has been making a tour of Europe in the interest of Christian Endeavor. He has visited nearly every country on the continent, finding encouragement everywhere, even in the countries supposed to be solid against Protestantism.

John Wanamaker, who has returned from an extensive trip in India, where he had excellent opportunities of becoming acquainted with the missionaries and their work, speaks of both in the highest terms. He says: "In all my life I never saw such opportunity for investment of money that anyone sets apart to give to the Christ who gave himself for us. As I looked at little churches, schools and hospitals, I felt a lump of regret in my heart that I had not been wise enough to make these investments myself." He has now begun to appropriate such investments.

Our country's highest interests would be better served if all magistrates who possess the pardoning power were as conscientious about the use of it as President Roosevelt. When he received a petition for the pardon of a man sentenced to prison for sending obscene literature through the mails, it availed nothing that the names of Congressmen were attached to it. The petition received this characteristic indorsement: "Denied. In my judgment those sending this petition, at least the judge and district attorney, should be notified that I sincerely regret that it is not within my power to increase the sentence of this scoundrel."

There has been organized, with headquarters at Columbus, "The Ohio Federation of Liquor Dealers," which is made up of the three principal retail liquor dealers' organizations in the state. It seems that liquor dealers deem it necessary to combine as never before to protect their business from the disastrous effects of the new local option law.

The legislature of the last state has at length adopted the measure so long and eloquently advocated by Mrs. Mary H. Hunt, of Boston; so that now all the states of the union require that the children in the public schools shall be taught the nature and effects of alcoholic drinks and other narcotics. This is a noteworthy triumph of great persistency in a noble cause.

The Sunday School Times publishes a cheering article from Mrs. Hunt on "How Public School Temperance Teaching is Saving the Country." To the influence of this teaching she attributes the fact that "now the business of this country is largely conducted on prohibition principles for its employees," and she believes that the lengthening of average life over four years, as shown by the last census, is due to the same influence.

The Standard mentions revivals in connection with many Baptist churches in California, among which are those in San Francisco, Sacramento, Fresno, San Jose, Pasadena, Los Angeles, Redlands and San Diego, and says that "never have such gatherings been reported before."

For several years New York City has been trying a new experiment in education. It is that of opening the public school houses in the evening for free lectures to adults. Such lectures were given last year in about 100 of the school houses, with a total attendance of 900,000.

Sometimes what passes for a service of praise or prayer is so overloaded with other things as to suggest the manner in which the recent Arbor Day was celebrated at Gaylord, Kas. "The exercises consisted of thirty-one pieces spoken by children, and a lot of songs, and when the program was finished it was too late to plant any trees."

Honor is put upon human nature through the instances related by Jacob A. Riis, in the Sunday School Times, showing how the poor in cities often help those poorer than themselves, as by lending shoes and overcoats to those who have none, and sharing their food with those who are out of work. Rare flowers are sometimes found where people are accustomed to look for weeds.

We are all very glad that Congress acted the part of the good Samaritan toward the suffering survivors from the volcanic eruptions on Martinique and St. Vincent, without stopping to consider what countries the islands belong to. This is the kind of world-power the United States ought to be.

Since the alliance of England and Japan and the determination of the two countries to adopt the same policy toward China, some of the religious newspapers in Christian England have suggested that it would be well for their government to follow the example and yield to the persuasion of its ally that is just emerging from heathenism, and to withdraw its protection and encouragement from the traffic in opium which is carried on between India and China. Why should not England take as high moral ground in regard to the opium traffic as Japan?

Among the plans for promoting temperance now attracting attention in various parts of the country, one of the most practical is that of providing substitutes for the liquor saloons with the liquor left out. Such a substitute, known as a public rest room, has been opened in Waseca, Minn., for the accommodation of those coming from the country to trade and needing a place where they may rest when they are in town.

By his presence at the celebration last month of the Presbyterian Home Missionary Centennial, the president of the United States gave fitting recognition of the importance to the nation of such work as home missionaries are doing. New emphasis has been put upon the importance of home missionary work this year by the unprecedented immigration that has set in from the Roman Catholic countries of southern and southeastern Europe. Besides those seeking entrance through other ports, recently in a single week over 25,000 immigrants landed at New York. Of those arriving in March nearly one-fourth could neither read nor write in any language. Fortunately under the law these will hereafter be excluded.

Dr. Charles M. Sheldon's article in The Christian Endeavor World on "Getting the Lord's Work Done," is brimful of practical suggestions. He tells of his experience in boarding around to get acquainted with his people, in kicking football to get in touch with the boys, in trying to find some Christian work for every church member to do, and in managing his prayer meetings. He says: "My experience teaches me that at least one-half of the strength of the pastor should go out towards the direction of energy in the way of work, and the preaching should be a message to his people rather than an effort, rhetorical or otherwise, made in order to attract a congregation."

Miss Ellen M. Stone, the missionary who was captured and held so long by brigands, is now lecturing in this country in the hope of returning to those who gave it, the money paid for her ransom. Such is the desire to hear Miss Stone, even among those who have known very little about foreign missions, that it is suggested that her greatest mission is that upon which she has now entered—to Americans; and no doubt she will fulfil this mission well, for she is an accomplished speaker and a rare woman, being compared by some with the late Frances Willard and with Lady Henry Somerset.

The gambling discovered in some places among those who pass for respectable people has called out a fresh discussion of the subject in some newspapers. An excellent article thus brought out and written by Prof. Thomas C. Hall, son of the late Dr. John Hall, appears in The Christian Work. Among other things worth repeating, Prof. Hall says: "The fatal poison that works in all our commercial life today, and that affects us all is the same hope that inspires the gambler. The gambler expects to get as the result of pure chance that for which he renders no return. So long as the standard of life is possession and not service, even otherwise good men will hunt along that line in eager pursuit of 'success.' The moral man must ask himself daily the rather solemn question, whether he, in intent at least, gives the community a fair return for his board and keep. One of the saddening signs of our day is that nearly all of us, deep down in our hearts, want to get as much for nothing as possible, and as far as we take chances to accomplish that we are gambling and not doing business."

An educational movement of great promise has been started by a few eastern philanthropists, several of them, like John D. Rockefeller, Jr., being men of wealth. They have formed an association to promote education in the southern states among both whites and blacks. Much attention will be given to instruction in the common English branches. The plan is to act as far as possible in co-operation with southern men. A few weeks ago those most interested in the movement went south for a conference with the leading men there and succeeded in gaining their most cordial support. It is not proposed to open new schools under the auspices of this organization, but to aid existing schools and to work through the various educational societies which are already in the southern field. This policy of helping existing agencies, instead of complicating the situation by adding new ones, is wise. The intention is

to make and secure larger gifts for education at the south than were ever made for this purpose.

The Congregationalist and Christian World commemorates the centennial of Horace Bushnell's birth by bringing out an illustrated Bushnell number. Many writers testify to his influence in words like these: "I bless his memory because at the very threshold of my ministry he gave me a living example of a godly soul, a brilliant thinker who was impatient with every term that seemed to him false or partial, and who sought with all his might to unfold the deepest meanings of the relations of God to men." Dr. Bushnell's persistent note of scrupulous honesty and reality in Christian thinking and living I particularly prize."

It may not be known to all that Dr. Bushnell was a man of affairs, who left substantial monuments of his good taste and public spirit to adorn the city of Hartford. The most beautiful of these is the park which now bears his name, which was once the "squalidest part of the city."

Here are a few nuggets from his mine of aphorisms:

"No prayer takes hold of God until it first takes hold of the man."

"Preaching is nothing but the bursting out of light which has first burst in or up from where God is, among the souls' foundations."

"No man has a right to say any beautiful or powerful thing till he gets some thoughts beautiful and powerful enough to require it."

Three well known ministers have laid down their work and passed on. One of these, Dr. Benjamin M. Palmer, pastor of a Presbyterian church, in New Orleans for forty-six years, was the most prominent minister in the South. A sermon of his, preached in the fall of 1860, urging secession, had a powerful influence in the southern states. He likewise took the lead in the movement to separate the Presbyterian church in the South from that in the North, and he, perhaps, more than any other man, has stood in the way of the reunion of the two bodies. One of his most eloquent sermons was that preached at the funeral of Jefferson Davis. Personally this brilliant preacher had the love of men of all shades of political opinion. Among ministers he was the most conspicuous advocate and representative of the lost causes of secession and separation.

The second of the three whom death has claimed, also a southern man by birth, is William Taylor, often called Bishop of Africa. Beginning his career as a Methodist preacher in 1841; going to California as a missionary in 1849; gathering audiences of miners in the streets of San Francisco by his singing that was heard half a mile; preaching as an evangelist in England, Australia, Africa, the West Indies and India; winning thousands to Christ on opposite sides of the globe—he was one of the great pioneer missionaries and evangelists of his time, a leading representative of the power which unites men.

The third to bear death's summons was President John Henry Barrows, of Oberlin College. Younger by a full generation than the other two, he had made his influence felt around the world by organizing and conducting the Parliament of Religions at the World's Fair and by his lectures in India. He was a representative of the Christianity that calls every man brother, whatever his religious belief, who worships the Father.

In the Presbyterian church the most important event of the year has been the action of its general assembly at New York in regard to the Westminster creed. For several years it has been evident that the church has outgrown this historic creed, yet when the question of revising it has been discussed the opinions of the church leaders have seemed hopelessly divided. But at the recent general assembly these men were able not only to agree about this matter, but to do so with heartiness and enthusiasm.

Instead of changing the language of the old creed, the assembly proposed certain additions to it, explaining how some of its doctrines are understood by Presbyterians and setting forth others with greater fullness. To the doctrine of God's decrees the declaration is added that this is held in harmony with the doctrine that "God desires not the death of any sinner, but has provided in Christ a salvation sufficient for all" and "freely offered in the gospel to all," and that "his decree hinders no man from accepting that offer." In regard to the death of infants the belief is expressed that all who die in infancy are saved. The doctrines set forth with greater fullness are those of the Holy Spirit, the love of God, and the duty of the church to "make disciples of all nations." These additions to the creed could only be proposed by the general assembly and will go to the presbyteries for approval.

The general assembly, however, did not stop with merely proposing additions to the Westminster creed, but put forth in its own name a brief, new, up-to-date statement of what Presbyterians believe, "for use in the churches, to instruct the people and to give a better understanding of our doctrinal belief." For practical purposes this confession, with its sixteen articles, will take the place of the formidable document drawn up at Westminster Abbey 250 years ago. This new confession is clear in thought, earnest in purpose, and devotional in spirit. It will prove a means of instruction and a source of strength to Presbyterians, and will bring them into closer fellowship with other evangelical churches.

We take pleasure in commending to our readers the Fremont-Vineta Oil & Gold Mining Co., whose ad will be found on another page. We have long been acquainted with two of the officers of the company and have full confidence in the company's representations. In these days, when fraudulent companies (mining, oil and others) are so numerous, it is but just that we should call especial attention to one that we have full reason to believe is worthy of confidence.

BANK'S SERMON—THE CONQUEST OF THE IMAGINATION.

"For the weapons of our warfare are not of the flesh, but mighty before God to the casting down of strongholds; casting down imaginations."—II Corinthians 10: 4, 5.

Our theme is difficult because it belongs to the realm of the unseen and spiritual, whose priceless values are not easily measured. It is easy to weigh and measure gross, material things. It is easy to tell what they will do under a given set of conditions. It is a simple matter to compute the force of a waterfall like Niagara—to draw off a portion of it, as has already been done, and to harness it down to the work of civilization. A bright engineer can readily calculate before hand just how many spindles it will turn, how many canal boats it will drive, or how many trolley cars it will speed on their way, or how many towns it will light up a hundred miles distant.

Given the weight of a cannon ball, and the number of ounces of powder exploded behind it, it is not hard to tell through how many miles of space it will be hurled, and through how many feet of timber or inches of iron plating it will forge its way when it strikes.

But when we undertake to weigh love, or hope, or fear, or ambition, or fancy, it is more difficult. Who could have foretold, for instance, how much vitality there would be left in David's Shepherd's Psalm, after being thrown across a gulf of forty centuries? Who could have foretold how much power would have been left in Shakespeare's plays two hundred years after he had vanished from the earth? Who could have prophesied the vital force there would have been remaining in the conversations of Jesus after nearly nineteen hundred years had come and gone?

Now nothing seems so elusive when we try to measure it as the imagination, and yet it is the creative element in the mind in every sort of constructive work, whether of the mathematician, the inventor, the explorer, the poet, the painter, or the prophet of religion.

Herbert Spencer says that, "rightly conceived, imagination is the power of mental representation, and is measured by the vividness and truth of this representation." So understood, he says, it belongs not only to poets, but not less to men of science; and he goes so far as to assert that the mathematician who discloses to us some previously unknown order of space relations, does so by a far greater effort of imagination than is implied by any poetic creation, and that the constructive imagination is the highest of human faculties.

Imagination has its basis in the capacity of the mind to produce mental images. Some persons are able to call up an exact picture of a friend, clear and vivid; and others can hear music over again, as distinctly as at the first. In most persons this capacity exists—strong in those of great imaginative powers; while in some it appears to have only the feeblest existence. The constructive or creative imagination is that which can reshape these mental images at will, bring out of them what had before no existence, and give to airy nothings a local habitation and a name. In "Midsummer Night's Dream" Shakespeare makes Theseus say:

'The lunatic, the lover and the poet
Are of imagination all compact;
One sees more devils than vast hell can hold,
That is, the madman, the lover, all as frantic,
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt;
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth
to heaven;
And as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.
Such tricks hath strong imagination,
That, if it would but apprehend some joy,
It comprehends some bringer of that joy;
Or in the night, imagining some fear,
How easy is a bush supposed a bear!"

Much that we usually assign to reason undoubtedly has its origin with the imagination, for to the imagination must be assigned the larger part of all constructive and original thought. The imagination is often strong enough to overcome all surrounding circumstances and cause a man to live as though they were not. Emerson was walking down Broomfield street in Boston in the time of the Millerite excitement, when a friend met him and said, "Mr. Emerson, you know the world is to come to an end today." The philosopher looked up, with far-away eyes, which indicated that he was greatly absorbed in some thoughts of his own, and placidly remarked: "Very well, we can get along without it."

The imagination also has a power to give to the poor man all the sensations of wealth, and on the other hand to give to the rich man all the mental woes of poverty.

A distinguished French writer relates that Balzac, the great French novelist had a craving for living grandly while he was yet very poor. This writer relates that he, on one occasion, visited the French publisher, Charpentier. He was ushered into the publisher's room, and found him in conversation with a stout man whom he did not know.

"Yes, my dear Charpentier," said the stout man, "it is going to be a complete surprise to my mother; she doesn't know a thing about it. You see the chateau and grounds are laid out in this way." And then the man went on and drew imaginary lines on the floor with his cane, and in brilliant language described in the most picturesque and fascinating way the different rooms of the great chateau, the various outbuildings, the parks, and the gardens, and all the luxurious accessories of a rich man's estate. The poor man of letters who sat listening, gaped in wide-mouthed wonder and admiration at the description.

By and by the talker went away with a grand air, and the other visitor ventured to ask:

"Who was that gentleman."

"That was Balzac," said the publisher.

"Balzac! why, he must be making a great deal of money out of his novels?"

The publisher smiled.

"What do you suppose he came to see me about this morning? It was to get me to advance him five hundred francs on his next volume—which isn't written yet, to pay his board bill!"

Then the wondering young man understood that he had witnessed the building of an air castle.

The imagination has power to change the very atmosphere a man breathes so far as his consciousness is able to register it. A well-known gentleman was once staying over night in a strange room. He had paid little attention to the circumstances of the room on retiring. He awoke in the night and felt himself smothering for lack of air. He got up and went to the window, and tried to lift the sash, but could not. He tugged away at it for some time, and finally when it would not move, being rather quick tempered, he gave such a lunge on it that he broke a pane of glass. Then he drew in a deep breath, filling his lungs with the fresh air from the outside and went back to bed and falling asleep slept till morning. You can imagine his astonishment to find when he arose that he had broken a pane of glass in the bookcase.

It is certain that there is no such teacher in the great realm of human nature as fiction. Is its power not in the fact that men feel intuitively that the man or woman portrayed imaginatively by the true artist in fiction is more near the true, real man, than any we can find in any other way?

Take those wonderful Scotch stories of Ian Maclaren in "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush," and "Auld Lang Syne." A few years ago the whole civilized world were laughing and crying over the Scotchmen in the Highland glens. Their power is that we see them in a halo of warm imagination. I suppose that if we were to hunt the glens through we should never recognize, with our poor prosaic vision, such women as Marget, such doctors as William MacClure, or such worldly wise saints as Drumsheugh. And yet, no doubt Maclaren has given us the truest portraits of Highlanders yet portrayed. Many an old Scot, reading those pictures has been fain to cry out, "God knows I wanted to be just such a man as that."

Just now we are having a great stream of historical fiction. No other books have so wide a reading as these. It must be that the multitude feel that here they are getting the truest history. I remember many years ago that General O. O. Howard said to me, speaking of the history of the Civil War, that it was his conviction that the truest history would be written by some of the great writers of fiction who would arise a generation or more after the events had passed away.

I have dwelt so at length on these introductory thoughts because I feel that many of us do not properly estimate the importance of the proper education and control of the imagination. Now the fact is that the higher education of youth is likely to do enormous harm unless it is dominated by the Christian spirit. It is possible to educate a boy and give him the most perfect opportunity for the development of his mind, and have only a polished devil after you have him finished off. The great value of Christian colleges is largely in this very fact. Education sets the imagination free, gives it strong wings, gives it the ability of flight, but that will be a curse instead of a blessing unless the imagination be mastered and directed and controlled in righteousness. Man's imagination, which was intended to be "the candle of the Lord," may be lighted at the devil's fire, and become a baleful torch that will illuminate the way, only to disaster and death.

Sin entered the world through the imagination. That was the way the serpent gained his first power over Eve. He told her that if she ate of the forbidden fruit, she would become as wise as a god and know everything. What could be more tempting to a perfect feminine creation, such as Eve was, than that? Her imagination hung around that statement, brooded over it until it burst all bounds.

Men are led into sin today by the imagination. Some time ago counterfeit silver dollars appeared which had more silver in them than the ordinary dollar issued by the government, and yet the price of silver bullion was so low that it was a great fraud on the government. Then a secret service officer remembered that two or three years before that, in a liquor saloon in San Francisco, he had heard some men conversing on the subject of counterfeiting, and an old miner standing by had expressed the wonder that nobody had ever thought of making silver dollars out of pure silver. He declared it never could be detected, and when silver was cheap it would be a good business. This detective officer reasoned that in all probability the miner who had conceived that idea was at the bottom of the present counterfeiting. He set out on the chase, and after several months ran him to earth, and found he was correct. The man had never thought of doing it at first, but he let his imagination play on it, until, after a while, being hard up for money, it got the best of him, and he did it. That is a typical sin. Men think about a sin, and they imagine, and muse about it for awhile, and then, when the proper opportunity comes, they do it. All sin is consciously or unconsciously born that way.

Some strange passages of Scripture become clear as day in the light of our discussion. Take the saying of James that a man who hates his brother is a murderer, and that other statement of Jesus Christ, that a class of men who hate another circle of their fellow beings are "whited sepulchres full of dead men's bones;" and see how when you bring them together in the light of the importance of the imagination, they fit into one another. A great many men commit murder in their imagination and incur its guilt, who never have a chance to do it with their hands. They used to say of some desperado out on the frontier: "He keeps a private graveyard of his own." Of course they had reference to the number of men he had killed. But in the light of our theme this morning we can see how many, outwardly decorous, and even, professedly Christian men and women, who sit in church pews, keep "a private graveyard of their own;" and down deep in their secret imaginations lie bleaching the bones of the men and women whom they have slain. No wonder some people have a surly expression and a sort of

mouldy smell to their conversation, when we recognize that they are walking graveyards.

No teacher appeals so strongly to the imagination as Jesus Christ. Christianity owes its mighty missionary movements, which are filling the earth with the fragrance and glory of his name to that far-reaching imaginative word-picture recorded in the Twenty-fifth Chapter of Matthew's Life of Jesus, in which he calls upon every sincere disciple to see in the most neglected and broken man or woman or child, the image, and very personality of their divine Lord. How beautifully our own James Russell Lowell has illustrated this in his poetic version of the story of Sir Launfal, and the search for the Holy Grail. Many of you recall the story of the young knight who went away proud and self-sufficient in his young manhood in search of the Holy Grail, and who, as he went, was asked an alms by a poor beggar, to whom he flung a gift with scornful contempt. But years afterward he came back, old and frail, and again found a beggar at the gate. But this time his treatment was very different. Lowell says:

"But Sir Launfal sees only the grewsome thing,
The leper, lank as the rain-blanched bone
That cowers beside him, a thing as lone
And white as the ice-isles of Northern seas
In the desolate horror of his disease.

"And Sir Launfal said: 'I behold in thee
An image of him who died on the tree;
Thou also hast had thy crown of thorns—
Thou also hast had the world's buffets and scorns—
And to thy life were not denied
The wounds in the hands and feet and side:
Mild Mary's Son, acknowledge me;
Behold, through him, I give to thee!"

As Sir Launfal mused with a downcast face,
A light shone round about the place;
The leper no longer crouched at his side,
But stood before him glorified,
Shining and tall and fair and straight
As the pillar that stood by the Beautiful Gate—
Himself the Gate whereby men can
Enter the temple of God in Man.

His words were shed softer than leaves from the pine,
And they fell on Sir Launfal as snows on the brine,
That mingle their softness and quiet in one
With the shaggy unrest they float down upon;
And the voice that was calmer than silence said:
'Lo it is I, be not afraid!
In many climes, without avail,
Thou hast spent thy life for the Holy Grail;
Behold it is here—this cup which thou
Didst fill at the streamlet for me but now;
This crust is my body broken for thee,
This water his blood that died on the tree;
The Holy Supper is kept, indeed.

In what so we share with another's need;
Not what we give, but what we share—
For the gift without the giver is bare;
Who gives himself with his alms feeds three—
Himself, his hungering neighbor and me.' "

A VACATION WITHOUT COST.

From a "Journey to Nature," by "J. P. M." Copyright 1901, by Doubleday, Page & Co.

(Continued from June number, page 486.)

Then the Doctor pulled up suddenly, as he always did when he found himself getting preachy, and said: "There is a sawmill a mile or two up this stream. There may be hospitality and bread and milk there."

"How do you know?" I asked; "you never were here before."

"True," he replied, "but there is sawdust in the water, and the bank is wet a foot or two higher than the stream, as if somebody opened his flume occasionally." * * * *

As the sun approached the horizon, and we began to wonder where we should put up for the night, I suggested that we had better interview some of these field hands as to our whereabouts, and at last we crawled over a stone fence and made our way through stubble and furrows, and past long rows of bagged potatoes, to a distant group, consisting of two men and a woman, who were digging away mechanically.

"Good day, friends," said the Doctor, breezily; "we are strangers and have lost our way."

One of the men leaned on his hoe and looked us over. The others went on with their work.

"Where do you want to go?" the man asked.

"Anywhere, my friend, so that we can get a supper and a night's lodging. We are on a bit of a jaunt for our health and have lost our bearings." * * * *

"Wanderin' around loose, hey? Which way was you pointin'?"

The Doctor looked at me, and we both laughed. It would not do to tell this pragmatic rustic that we had abandoned all definite intentions.

"We were examining the country," said the Doctor, with magnificent indefiniteness. "Isn't there a mill somewheres about?"

"Only a sawmill. Runnin' fire-wood now. Jedge Dutcher's farm's about three miles west—there's nothin' between him an' me 'cept the sawmill. Milligan's Corner's two miles beyond."

"Do you feel able to do five miles more?" asked the undiminished Doctor.

At this the young woman spoke up. "Why don't you ask the gentlemen to stop with us, Dad—that's what they're fishin' for. We can spare 'em some grub."

"The team'll be along in a minute or two," said the old man. "If you've a mind to go back with us, we can feed yer." * * * *

"It's pretty hard work on a woman," she said, "but our hired man had his two fingers cut off in the mill, and, being short-handed, I had to turn in with the rest. It's the biggest crop we ever had, and the old man wanted to get it in."

"It's a magnificent crop of potatoes," said the Doctor, with the easy air of an expert. "What's it worth?"

"Well, if the old man don't realize five hundred on it, he'll be sick at Christmas. It won't run as good as that more'n once in five years.

Now, if you'll pile into that wagon, we'll take you with us."

We drew up at a long low house hidden away in locust trees, very ancestral, I thought, for peasants. A shaft of ruddy light shot into the road from the summer kitchen, where a motherly dame in a white apron stood in the doorway with her hand over her eyes, trying to make out what had arrived in the wagon, a curiosity that suddenly broke out in a shrill call, "Mercy on me, Lize, who you got there?"

"All right, mommy," said Lize. "I'll be there in a minute. Now, then, I suppose you want to wrench the dirt off. I'll show you the basin."

How deliciously cool and vitalizing that well water was. I put my head down into it, and it had a fine magnetism in it. It was not long before Lize came out on the porch where we were waiting for her. She was attired in a clean muslin dress with a baby waist. She had evidently "wrenched" herself expeditiously and thoroughly, and she came out, as the Doctor said, like a silkworm. Presently we went in to supper with the warning from Lize that we would have to take what we could get. There was something inexpressibly bright and inviting about the homeliness of that supper table, with its kerosene lamp and blue shade, its mug of marigolds, its spotless white cloth, and a certain simple bounty in the great dish of steaming biscuit and superb roll of sweet butter, to say nothing of the cold meat and potatoes and the homely earthen teapot. The old man held up his gnarled hands and mumbled some hardly articulate words of thanks, and we fell to as readily and easily as if we were in a Bedouin tent and a kid had been killed for us. * * * *

There was an hour or two of conversation on the grass-plot after supper, where the old man smoked his clay pipe regularly. He would no more dare to smoke it in that homely dining room than he would dare go to bed with his boots on. Then we were shown to a chamber, the peasant girl holding the kerosene lamp for us like that colossal girl in our harbor, and saying: "Pleasant dreams, gents. I'll rap on your door at six o'clock if you're not up;" and we both heard her starched skirts rustle down the stairs. We went immediately to bed between sheets that smelled of sweet balsam, and if the Doctor snored I did not notice it. I was awakened by the rumble of the wagon, and saw in the early mists the two men going to the potato-field, one of them whistling cheerily, his notes coming back to me like a skylark's, long after he was out of sight. * * * *

When we were about to set out, the girl slipped a package of luncheon into the Doctor's pocket, and when we were some distance down the road, feeling sure that we would look back, she waived an adieu to us with the hickory shirt. * * * *

"Let's change the subject before we quarrel. This is a regenerating morning. Look at those flaming maples. Did you ever see such dyes? Great Scott! what a depth of feeling there is in yellow, if it be only spattered with a little scarlet. Do you know, I think yellow is the major note, after all. It represents in the visual world what sodium does in the universe. Everything tries to imitate gold when it can. There's no passion in it. The magnificent calm of the Chinese has some affiliation with chrome yellow. The Mongolian probably wears the original livery of Eden." * * * *

I heard the Doctor shouting to me as he held up something that looked like a bunch of grass. When he came back, he handed me three or four stems about eighteen inches long of the fringed gentian, each stem having upon its curved branches four or five flowers. I looked at the beautiful specimens with the passing admiration that such wildings always excite, and then I turned to him expectantly to know why he had taken so much trouble to get them. * * * *

"Look here," said the Doctor. "This is the flower of America. They can't make it grow in China, and there are only some dull hints of it in Europe. Nowhere but in our land does it reach its feminine loveliness, and then it makes the fleur-de-lis meagre and the columbine and the violet washed out." * * * *

"Nothing so beautiful in all our fields. Were it to grow in Thibet, they would canonize it. Persia would ascribe supernatural virtue to it. Greece would have immortalized it; but not having it, she had to take up with the less regal flower, Narcissus. I dare say, if we could get into the community of flowers, we should find that this is the queen, though it is a shame to call her a queen when she refuses to grow in any but a republican country. Isn't that spray exactly the curve of fresh beauty making vassals of us all by mere contour? Zenobia never held her head more proudly, and Cleopatra could not wrap herself so luxuriously after her bath as this poor princess of the wild-wood." * * * *

In our purposeless wandering over roads that led nowhere, the Doctor and I came at last to some discomfort—that is to say, it would have been discomfort but for the Doctor. * * * *

"It will hardly add to our store of pleasant memories to plod all night in this," I ventured to remark, as I slapped the drip off my soft hat. "There is a lively prospect of our being soaked to the bone."

"If we do not run upon a house," he said, "we shall have to crawl into some cave or covert. You have read of such experiences, I suppose, when you were a boy."

"Very delightful to read about," I suggested.

"I dare say we can find a shelter of some kind. The animals do. That's the fun of it. To have brought a waterproof house and modern conveniences along would have been æsthetic poltroonery."

"It looks to me as if it had set in for a week."

"Very likely. It usually does about this time of year. Haven't you ever noticed the propriety and regularity of the seasons? They go on with their work utterly regardless of the audience. That's what I admire about them. Your eyes are better than mine—what do you make that thing to be that is sticking up over in that field?"

"I should say it was an old hayrick or sheepfold."

"Then we are saved," said the Doctor, "if it is thatched. Forward." * * * *

And all the time the perennial and inextinguishable Doctor sustained a really superior complacency of indifference to anything but his own authoritative babble. "If a man can learn to laugh with vital defiance at these beneficent ordinances of the atmosphere," he said, "he will in time arrive at the supreme stoicism that can take Death by the hand and call him a jolly good fellow." * * * *

The old shed proved to be some kind of a forlorn sheepfold and hayrick combined, which had evidently been long unused. It was only partly enclosed, for its roof was half gone, and one end of it was open to the elements. What was formerly the entrance was flanked by two great weeds, six feet high, very green and lush, and still bearing a few large white trumpet-flowers, that shone through the gathering gloom quite funereally, I thought.

"Stramonium," said the Doctor, actually stopping to investigate it as if he had met an old friend. "I never saw it in bloom so late."

With sullen disregard of his triviality, I got inside the pen, and, finding that one end of it was dry with a thatch over it, I leaned up against one of the old posts and remarked:—

"There must be a house somewhere to match this outwork. We might as well find it before night sets in."

"It has set in," said the Doctor. "We should probably wander round for an hour looking for it. You cannot see twenty feet ahead of you."

"That's cheerful," I said. "We can't stay here—that's certain. I'm wet through and chilled to the bone. You seem to have forgotten that I'm your patient."

He had put one of the trumpet-flowers in the lapel of his coat, as if he were going to an evening party, and was wiping his face and neck with a white handkerchief.

"Quite right," he replied. "Suppose you go on. It will be as dark as Erebus in half an hour. After you have wandered in the mud for a while, you will probably walk off a bank or tumble into a hole. It's usually the way with men who seek comfort instead of accepting it; I'll stay here and give thanks as the animals probably did before we got here."

"Spend the night in this cow-shed?" I asked, with as much bitterness as incredulity could muster.

"Cow-shed," he repeated, drawing himself up with admirable inflation. "An ark of refuge, sir. There are no cow-sheds in a healthy mind. You are too particular. I suppose if a man offered you a last straw, you would want to know if it was wheat or rye. Cow-shed—we'll make this pavilion glow like the morning star."

"Doctor," I said, "there seems to be a sort of gallery at this end of the ark. I suppose it was intended for fodder in the pastoral age. I'll climb up and see if I can discern a hospitable light in the neighborhood."

"Do," said he; "there are some remnants of a ladder against the siding. Be sure of the flooring or you will come through. If you see a friendly gleam sing out 'Sail ho!'"

I scrambled up as best I could, and found the loft heaped with corn-husks and stalks that rustled sharply under my exploring foot. After much crawling and stumbling and groping, I found a crack in the siding. As I put my eye to it a sharp arrow of wet wind came through it and transfixed me. There was nothing to be seen but darkening rain-gusts, with sombre smears of hills and ghastly fields. As far as I could penetrate, the rain was coming down steadily in business-like sheets of desolation. When I came to the edge of the platform and looked down, there was the Doctor some ten feet below me with his coat off, whistling "Lead, Kindly Light," and trying to scratch a damp match. I looked at him with curious interest. "What are you trying to do?" I asked.

"I am trying to get supper," he answered without looking up. "How's the bedroom? Dry?"

I believe I tried to execute a true metropolitan sneer and drop it on him, but it went off half cocked into a derisive chuckle, and he called up to me: "If there are any corn-cobs up there, shove 'em down. They make a peat fire."

I believe I pushed a half a ton of corn-cobs down with my foot, making as much dust as possible, and then I climbed down myself. No man with the slightest vestige of his primitive masculinity surviving could withstand the Doctor's defiant jollity of spirit. I soon found myself piling corn-cobs "criss-cross," and watching the Doctor down on his marrow-bones blowing at the husks he had lighted, which presently broke out into a flickering flame and sent up a thread of scented smoke, whereupon he stepped back and admired it as if he had seen a patient coming out of a syncope. I placed armful after armful of the cobs on end around the little blaze and saw them with boyish delight turn into glowing coals and totter over into a bed of ashes, the pile throwing out a pleasant warmth and a phosphorescent glow that changed the whole aspect of affairs. The rain rattled on the siding and came at times in windy swashes that made the old structure bend and creak, but it only added to the glow of our fire that made a pleasant circle of red light and threw our moving shadows in grotesque silhouettes against the walls. We hung our corduroy jackets on some projecting boards to dry and frisked round in our flannel shirts. Finding two short logs, which at some time had evidently been used as milking-stools, the Doctor tore off a loose board and extemporized a little table, upon which he spread the remnants of a lunch that he drew from his capacious pockets. Then, seeing it laid out, he took the trumpet-flower from his coat and stuck it in a crack of the board as a decorative touch, and gave himself, with many airs of connoisseurship, to the roasting of his pet potatoes, an exquisite job which consisted in "chucking them into the ashes" and letting them burn up. * * * *

When he pulled the black lumps out of the fire, and burned his fingers, and danced the cancan, and slapped his flanks before he landed the charcoal on the board, his antic shadow filled me with juvenile mirth, and, wraiths of Arden and ghosts of Lincoln Green, how I laughed!

"Charcoal is good for the stomach, I suppose," I remarked, as I looked at the burned chunks.

"Charcoal," he cried, snapping his burnt fingers. "Ambrosia. You take him up in a corn-husk, thus, like a napkin, knock the top off, this way, put in a goodly chunk of butter, and, gods of the cuisine! tamales and yams and breadfruit hide themselves in tropic insignificance." * * * *

"There is just the difference," said the Doctor, "in eating the fruit this way and eating it embalmed by a French restaurateur, that there is in hearing a fine oration and reading the report of it the next morning. A potato must be smelted in its own ashes. Then it has the fine flavor of martyrdom combined with the aroma of Father Prout."

Then that roistering old savant, shut off from his own world by the whistling rain, actually became jovial, as if the potato, properly baked, was intoxicating; and before I knew it he was trolling a stave of an old and forgotten song:—

"At all feasts, if enough,
I most heartily stuff,
And a song at my heart alike rushes,
Though I've not fed my lungs
Upon nigthingale's tongues,
Nor the brains of goldfinches or thrushes."

This struck me as being somewhat reckless. I had my doubts about the philosophy, but he cut me short by saying, "Some doubts are like dirty water; let them alone and they will evaporate;" and then he pulled out the white flower, saying, "we live in a world of similitudes—that's stramonium."

"Yes, you said that before. Go ahead. There seems to be a text in it."

"It's a symbol that has baffled man ever since the time of Pliny. It belongs to the reptilian class of plants and has followed in the footsteps of man ever since the Fall. Unlike the gentian, it flaunts itself all about his beaten tracks and reminds him of the snake story. No one ever found it in the wilderness."

"It looks something like a morning-glory."

"That's it. I suppose it tries to imitate the morning-glory round the cow-sheds, and children who mistake it often die. A strange, occult, serpentine plant with a virus in it. If you put a white man down in Africa or Alaska, up it comes for the first time with its trumpet-flower. Pliny calls it Nepenthe and says the sibyls drank its juice. The negroes along the James River have a superstition that if you put the leaves under your pillow, you will dream of snakes."

"All of which is very interesting, Doctor, in materia medica, but will you kindly come to the similitude?"

"Doesn't it grow in society? Haven't you encountered the trumpet-flower in life, so like a morning-glory, with a fang under it? Haven't you seen men wear it on their breasts and then dream of snakes? Isn't it rather strange that the earth's flora should spring its Marguerites and its Messalinas—flowers that hide away and almost die if you touch them, like the mimosa, and flowers that flaunt themselves at the doorways and hold out brazen corolla like that, always growing where the soil is rank?"

"Let me look at it. It has a peculiar odor, slightly fetid."

"But it does not shrink if you handle it."

"What are its medical results?"

"Dilatation, delirium, incoherence, frenzy, death. Throw it away."

"I'll drop it in the fire, see? Let's change the subject. I never did care much for trumpet-flowers." * * * *

"Suppose we go upstairs to bed."

Then it was that Cuyp or some other Dutchman should have seen us climbing up that old ladder, the yellow dog barking after us with alarm, as if he thought we were leaving the earth.

And so, we rolled ourselves in husks, pulled the dry stalks under our heads, and with a canopy of smoke over us, fell asleep like two tired gypsies, the yellow dog keeping watch by the embers below, and we never knowing until morning broke that the field mice ran over us all night. * * * *

Six o'clock of an October morning, and two men of the world, mind you, standing by the side of a cow-shed, drunken with the prospect; actually struck dumb for a few moments by the blazonry of the regularly uneventful. The sun was coming up behind the distant trees. We looked at it as if it were a revelation. My idea of a sunrise was of something placidly grand; a kind of orbed and systematic attention to busines; something superbly unperturbed and inevitable and too far off to elicit more than a respectful awe. But this sunrise had a reckless dance in it. We had caught the old orb unawares in a positive dithyramb, and as I watched choric rhythmus in the trees, flashing and leaping amid the gnarled branches that took on grotesque involutions—in one blessed instant I felt sure that there were satyrs and fauns, wet with the cool dew, cavorting in Attic exuberance under those trees.

The Doctor looked at me. "So Dionysos and Arion saw it," he said. "So the shepherd-poet saw it, on the edge of the vanishing night, when he stood with his flocks in the fields of Palestine and called on the hills to clap their hands, which you can see they are elemental crow in it. How is your sense of smell this morning? Do you detect a flavor of fried ham on this atmosphere? There is a little pillar of smoke twisting up under that hill. I dare say now that we can get some 'biled coffee' there. Let us on." And from there they walked into a little village, which they found was some twenty miles from their starting place. A young wheelwright secured a team and drove them home.

If you take this kind of a vacation you will encounter difficulties and inconveniences. I took a week's vacation on a canal boat trip once, and the captain finding me handy reduced his force, and he and the driver and myself ran the boat, laying up nights or drifting down on a "level." Fun and recreation. A trip to Europe couldn't have done more. A friend was talking of going with me, but I slipped away without him. I feared that his sense of humor wasn't sufficiently developed; that he might not enjoy the difficulties.

NOTE.—Have you enjoyed this? It contains extracts from about 50 pages of the 315 pages in "A Journey to Nature," published by Doubleday, Page & Co., 34 Union Square, New York, at (I think) $1.50. It's one of the few books of which I can say, if you buy it, and don't like it, send the bill to me.